

T H E
W O R K S
I N
V E R S E

O F
Daniel Hayes, Esq;

Late of the MIDDLE-TEMPLE,
L O N D O N.

Non Omnis moriar. HOR.

THE SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

L I M E R I C K:
PRINTED BY ANDREW WATSON, NEAR
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WORKS

VOLUME



Part of the Andrew Watson

Collection

No. 10000

The Second Edition, with additions

L. M. E. R. I. G. R.

Printed by Andrew Watson, Glasgow

The Edinburgh, 1844



of present. I will also consider the Entertain-
ment which some of them could afford you in
your vacant Hours. **T O T H E**

H O N O U R A B L E

THOMAS SOUTHWELL, Esq;

S I R,



T is a Remark of Mr. *Dryden*, (and
I am afraid you will join with him on
this Occasion) that the Gratitude of
Poets is a very troublesome Virtue.—
The following *Trifles* were generally
the Production of an idle Morning, or

loose Afternoon; nor did I ever intend that the
Perusal of them should extend beyond a few
Friends and Acquaintance. But some *Copies*
having got abroad, were recopied in so corrupt
and spurious a Manner, that I could scarce know
them for mine, when some of them were after-
wards produced to me: and this alone, without
any request of Friends (the common Excuse of
Scriblers) was the real Motive why they appear

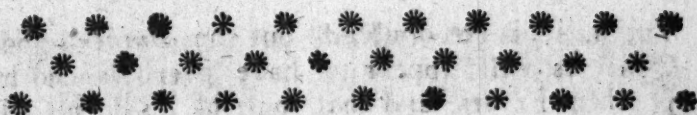
at present. I will also confess that the Entertainment which some of them could afford you in your vacant Hours, inspired me with a better Opinion both of myself and them, than I would possibly entertain otherwise. Such as they are, I throw them into your Protection; and beg leave to subscribe myself, with every Sentiment of Affection and Gratitude,

Dear S I R,

Your obliged,

devoted Servant,

DAN. HAYES.



P R E F A C E,

CONTAINING

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE

AUTHOR'S LIFE.

THOSE Persons who had any Acquaintance with the *Author* of the following Poems, will readily perceive they are all *genuine*, therefore nothing need be offered to prove it.

We cannot find that any of the Poems have been before published, except the *Immortality of the Muses*, the *Authors*, and the *Epistle from the Abbe de Rance*; all of which had the *Author's* Name prefixed, and sold for more in London, than the Price of this Work.

The Dedication shews it was Mr. *Hayes's* Intention to publish his *Works*, and it wou'd be an Injustice to his Memory to suppress *them*; to a candid, impartial Person, who is ready to make an Allowance for the Heat and Impetuosity of

B

Youth

Youth, it is not doubted, but the *Author's* good Qualities will appear to have overbalanced his youthful Errors, and that some of his Poems will make ample amends for the Levity of others.

Upon the whole, they cannot fail to shew the Gradation from Vice to Virtue, and when a Man who has been hurried away by his Passions, naturally possesses a good Disposition, and Understanding, he sooner or later comes to see his Error, and that the Ways of Virtue are pleasant, and all her Paths Peace.

It may be objected to the *Author*, that he wrote some severe Criticisms on respectable Persons, but the Editor begs Leave to contradict such false and unjust Insinuations, for not only in his Discourse, when living, but in a Note of this Book, Mr. *Hayes* declares that not one of the Characters is drawn from real Life.

Our *Author's* Father possessed a competent Estate in the County of *Limerick*, he was brought up to the Study of the Law, and designed his Son for the same Profession, as he gave Proofs of a lively Genius in the earliest part of his Life.

Unfortunately for Mr. *Hayes*, he lost his Father when he was only ten Years of Age, and meeting with too little Restraint from an over-indulgent Mother, proceeded like most other young Gentlemen of Fortune, who want Counsel and Experience, and speedily acquired the Denomination of a *Buck*.

He was however entered in the Diocesan School of *Limerick*, where he soon went through the Classick Authors, and was there fitted for the University,

University, under the Revd. *James Ingram*. Poetry was his chief Amusement, and it was here he wrote several of the following Pieces. His *Farewell to Limerick*, we may presume is a just Description of his Life at that Time.

Mr. *Ingram* ask'd him one Day, *if he should like to be a Counsellor*, yes Sir, said *Hayes*, and it will be my utmost Ambition to plead successfully the Cause of Liberty.

Several Anecdotes of this Kind that happened when he was at School, shew that he possessed a lively Wit, as well as an uncommon Genius.

In the Year 1751, he entered himself a Fellow Commoner in Trinity College, where he remained a few Years, finishing his Studies in much less Time than is commonly taken for that Purpose; it was here he began a Poetical Translation of Part of *Cicero's* Works, for which he published Proposals at a Guinea each, but we can't find that any more than two folio Pages of the Work was ever printed; it is certain that Mr. *Balfe* with whom he lodged in *London*, could have got him 500l. for the Copy.

From the University he went to the Middle Temple, *London*, to study the Law; he was not long here, when he received an Account of his Mother's Death. He was then in Company with several Irish Gentlemen, one of whom says, that his delicate Sensibility appeared in a very striking Manner, and that his Situation at that Time, is justly described in the 116th Page of this Book. In short a penetrating Eye will possibly discover in the following Sheets, a better Account of several

veral Passages in his Life, than any Person can pretend to give.

Had Mr. *Hayes* pursued his Studies at the Temple for the Purpose he went there, he wou'd certainly have been an Ornament to his Profession, and an honour to the Place of his Nativity, but the same Thoughtlessness and Love of Pleasure, that caught him in his Youth, attended him till a short time before his Death, and we have a most lively Picture of his Penitence, in the Paraphrase of the Epistle from the *Abbe de Rance*, printed at the End of his Poems.

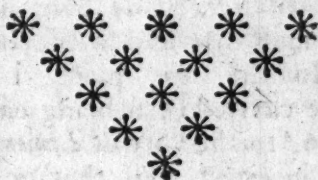
There are some Poets who have very little Abilities for writing Prose, but this was not the case with our *Author*, for during his Residence in *London* he wrote several political *Pieces*, which were greatly admired by the Ministry and their Friends, in whose Favour *they* were mostly wrote. These *Pieces* shou'd have been printed with his Poems, but the Editor imagined *they* cou'd not at this time, be *interesting* or *entertaining* to the Reader.

He was undoubtedly what he styles himself in his Will, *A Lover of his Country*, for he cou'd never hear any one asperse it, without shewing his Resentment, and he brought himself into several Quarrels in *London* on this Occasion.

He died in *London* the 20th of July 1767, and agreeable to his own Desire, his Remains were brought to *Limerick*, and interred in the South Isle of *St. Mary's Church*.

His Funeral was attended by the GOVERNORS and GOVERNESSES of the County HOSPITAL, a Sermon suitable to the Occasion was preached by the Rev. *Deane Hoare*, and an Anthem Sung over the Body in the Choir, before its Interment.

WE



His

WE shall close this Sketch of the *Author's* Life,
with a Copy of his Will, which is as follows.
In the name of the Omnipotent and Merciful
GOD Amen.

I DANIEL HAYES, of the Parish of *Kensington* in the County of *Middlesex*, being in clear and perfect Sense and of sound Memory, do make this my only last Will and Testament.

First and principally I commend my Soul into the Hands of Almighty GOD, hoping for remission of all my Sins through the merits of JESUS CHRIST my blessed *Saviour* and *Redeemer*; and my Body to the Earth. And as for such of my Wordly Estate and Effects which I shall be possessed of or intitled to at the time of my Decease, I give and bequeath the same as followeth.

In the first place, I positively order that all my just debts be discharged by Sale of Lands or other method most easy and satisfactory to my fair Creditors. In the next place, I will that my Body shall be carried (first being embalmed) in a Leaden Coffin, to the City of *Limerick* in *Ireland*, there to be interred, and that a white Marble Stone with this Inscription be put over it:

D. H A Y E S.

AN HONEST MAN,

AND A LOVER OF HIS

C O U N T R Y.

with the Year, Month, and Day of my decease.

As

As to Legacies, I have but few to dispose of, which are as follows:

First, I bequeath unto JAMES BROWNE of *Limerick*, Merchant, the sum of fifty Pounds to buy a Ring, which I know he will wear for my sake, as I am glad fortune has put him above the reach of every other Testimony than this small Manifestation of Gratitude.

Secondly, I bequeath unto *Richard Balfe*, the younger, Son of *Richard Balfe*, Printer of the Parish of *St. Martin, Ludgate*, LONDON, the sum of One Hundred Pounds Sterl.

Thirdly, I give and bequeath, the residue or overplus of my Estates, real and personal if any should be, to the *Trustees* and *Managers* now in being or to be hereafter nominated for the erecting an HOSPITAL for Sick and Wounded at *Limerick*; and in case no such HOSPITAL is founded or begun to be founded within the space of ten years, then the said residue to be paid into the *University of Dublin* to augment the *Sizers Fund*.

And Lastly, I do hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint, the aforesaid JAMES BROWNE of *Limerick*, Merchant, my Sole Executor.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal, this Sixteenth Day of July, in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty Seven, and in the Seventh Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord, King GEORGE the Third, by the grace of GOD of

Great

**Great Britain, France and Ireland KING, de-
fender of the Faith, &c**

DAN. HAYES.

*Signed, Sealed, Published,
and Declared by the
said Daniel Hayes as
and for his last Will
and Testament, in the
presence of Us, who
have hereunto Sub-
scribed our names, as
witnesses in the pre-
sence of the said Testa-
tor.*

**RICHARD SANKEY.
WILLIAM MICHELL.
BENJAMIN ESTERBROOK.**

(A true Copy.)

CONTENTS,

CONTENTS.

T HE Exile,	Page	1
The Immortality of the Muses,		8

TOWN ECLOGUES.

Eclogue I. To Miss Penefather,	15
Eclogue II. Clarendia and Lucy,	20
Eclogue III. To Mrs. Blennerhassett,	23
Eclogue IV. To Mrs. Fitzgerald,	29

Theocritus;— Idyllium VI. To	
Maurice Fitzgerald, Esq;	} 37
Knight of Kerry.	
Idyllium XI. To Thomas O'Brien, Esq;	40
Idyllium XXX. To Thomas Leland,	} 45
B. T. F. T. C. D.	
Idyllium XXXI. To John Day, Esq;	51

MISCELLANIES.

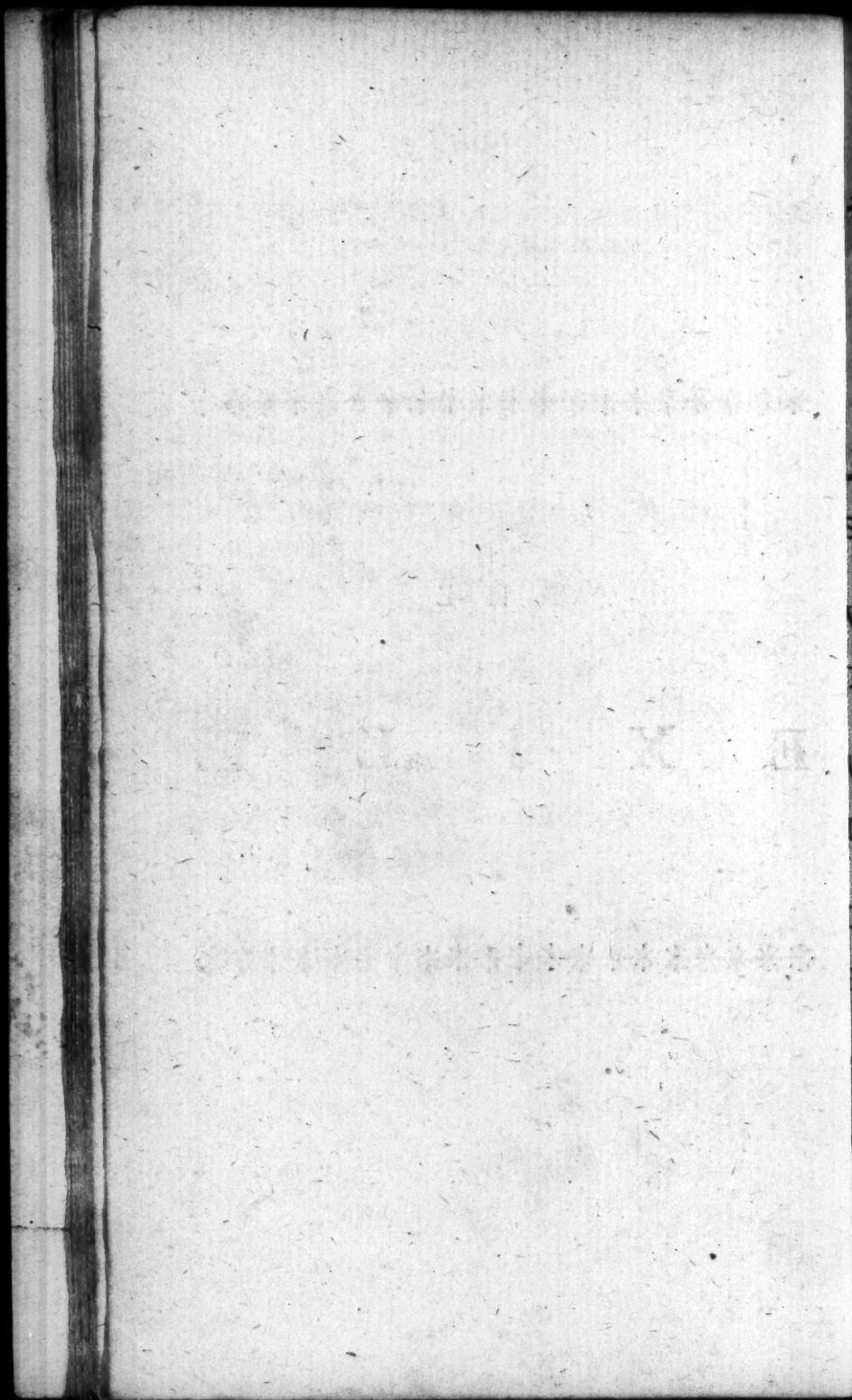
On our late Rejoicings for the King	} 57
of Prussia's Victories,	
On	

<i>On Duelling,</i>	57
<i>On Miss L.—— leaving town,</i>	58
<i>Epigram to Mrs. C——</i>	59
<i>To Messrs. B——</i>	<i>ib.</i>
<i>On the Death of Cicero,</i>	60
<i>The Wish,</i>	61
<i>To Mrs. Blennerbasset, with Dry-</i> <i>den's Works.</i>	} 62
<i>To the Author of the Buck's Vade-</i> <i>mecum,</i>	} 63
<i>On the Death of Surgeon Gould,</i>	64
<i>Epigram on the Elopement of Miss</i> <i>Hunter, with Lord Pembroke,</i>	} <i>ib.</i>
<i>An Essay to Mr. Barrett of Cork,</i>	67
<i>The Farewell,</i>	81
<i>The Authors,</i>	91
<i>An Epistle from the celebrated Abbe</i> <i>de Rance, Paraphrased.</i>	} 113

57
58
59
ib.
60
61
} 62
} 63
64
ib.
67
81
91
113

THE
EXILE.

HE



T H E

E X I L E.

AH! what avails this short sublunar sphere?
Why wish to act in the fantastic scene?
Subject at best to many a doubt and fear,
Too oft' to cold neglect and certain pain.

Why does vain man his fondest wishes pour?
Why does his earliest pray'rs attack the sky?
To stretch the space of each contracted hour,
Say, is it then so terrible to die.

What sweets hath life, to counter-poise its cares?
What joys, to recompence for all its woes?
Lo! Av'rice gnaws, and fell Ambition tears
The racking breast, with Hell's united throes.

Lo! squinting Jealousy's unfettled frown,
Lo! haggard Envy, with her blood-shot eye,
Sickening at noble deeds and fair renown,
And circulating still th' envenom'd lie.

And creeping Fraud, with well dissembled leer,
Exerts her base insinuating Art;
Watching the generous stripling's prone career,
To circumvent his unsuspecting heart.

For these alone embitter th' irksome way,
That leads to fleeting life's uncertain goal:

A

Pandora's

Pandora's ministers, a dread array,
Convulse the sense, and rack the tortur'd soul.

Who but has seen, the epileptic rage
With wild distortion rend the alter'd frame?
The Palsy, sad concomitant of age,
And thirsty Fever's all devouring flame.

That fell disease, which, o'er th' enchanting
face,
The hideous veil of rugged horror throws.
The Dropsy, ever swollen with foul encrease,
And pamper'd Gout's excruciating woes.

Did lavish Fortune, from her endless store,
Vain Mortal! gratify each greedy thought:
Did new-born pleasures court each circling hour,
Alas! how dearly is existence bought.

How dearer still, when, nor kind fortune's ray,
Nor vivid pleasure, nor serene delight,
Chear the sad morning of the wretch's day;
Nor close his eyelids in the stormy night.

Such are his fates; who now in plaintive lore,
Pours forth the anguish of his woe struck mind
Swelling with tears the gentle river's store,
Beneath a weeping-willow's shade reclined.

Or near that pile, where mouldering in the
tomb,

The frail remains of once famed *St. John* ly
Joyless he wanders thro' night's murky gloom,
The hollow wind re-echoing to his sigh.

Banish

Banish'd his much loved home, the blissful plains,
 Where princely *Shannon* laves the flow'ry
 strand,
 No dear associate, no kind friend remains,
 To chear his wanderings, in a foreign land.

And thee, fair *Limerick*, whose beleaguer'd wall
 So oft, the bolts of raging Britons stood,
 Before thy gates, what thousands met their fall,
 And, with their bodies, choaked the spacious
 flood.

Parent of Heroes! each illustrious child,
 Renew'd thy fame, thro' every rolling age,
 Propitious fortune on their labours smil'd,
 And, with their triumphs, swell'd the storied
 page.

Thine was *Borbame*, who fierce in days of yore,
 'Gainst *Denmark's* power, his hardy squadrons
 led.
 Loud rag'd the fight, on *Clontarf's* sounding shore,
 When, by his arm, the stern *Turfus* bled.

Crush'd are the tyrants, pierc'd, with thousand
 wounds.
 The vanquish'd *Raven* drops her heavy wing.
Borbame, and Liberty, the beach resounds,
 And freed * *Eblana's* joyful turrets ring.

Who, like *Borbame*, could launch the dreadful
 spear,
 Or stem the torrent of the impetuous fray?

A 2

Or

* Dublin.

Or, who, like him, his drooping vassals cheer?
And bless a nation with the happiest sway,

But what is he? who, by the midnight gloom,
Thro' yonder camp, his fearless passage bends?
Sudden terrific fires the skies illumine,
And the loud burst the affrighted welkin rends.

Fir'd is the magazine, these sulphur'd stores,
Destin'd to waste *Ierne's* fruitful land,
Burst the rude guns, that menaced her fair
tow'rs,
And all, by *Sarsfield's* unassisted hand.

Nor yet blessed *City*, is that worth no more,
Which erst in fighting fields, thy Sons did
claim.

Lo! *Coote's* strong arms controuls the Indian
shore,
And *Ningara* roars thy *Maffy's* fame.

Equal in arts, thy polished Sons excel,
Ierne's brightest ornaments of yore,
Who like *Fitzgibbon*, clears Law's mystic spell?
Whilst wondering Senates hang on *Pery's* lore.

Southwell is thine, with every power to please,
The Patriot's freedom, with the Courtier's art,
That noble art of elegance and ease,
To win, and hold the captivated heart.

With him, how pleasing flew the instructive
hours,
By *Castle-Connel's* sacred fountain laid;
Whilst

Whilst fruits and blossoms, deck'd the high arch'd
bow'rs,
And purple fragrance blush'd in ev'ry mead.

Propitious *Naid* of that healing stream !
Inspire my grateful breast thy praise to sing,
Thy cordial draughts restore the sickly frame,
And youthful vigour gushes from thy spring.

What, tho' thy shore can boast no gay parade,
No Circus regular, no splendid rooms ;
Lovely simplicity adorns thy glade,
And lavish nature in perfection blooms.

Serene contentment, with unclouded brow,
Sheds her soft influence, o'er thy flow'ry dale :
Secure delights in sweet succession flow,
And health inspires the animating gale.

Chaste are thy damsels, as the virgin train,
Which, thro' *Thessalian* groves, *Diana* guides,
Their hearts, their radiant eyes, untaught to
feign,
Whilst o'er each glance, fair Decency presides.

Recount their names. I might as well display,
Each flow'r, that opens on the Summer lawn ;
Each shining gem, that decks yon starry way,
E'er yet invidious morn begins to dawn.

But far from these, did rough misfortunes frown,
Compel the woe bewild'rd Bard to fly :
Hence from his bosom, bursts th' incessant groan,
Th' incessant tear, that swells his aching eye.

Ah! where is now *Celinda's* vivid smile?
 That wont to spread *Celestial* gladness round:
 Her converse sweet, that could each care beguile,
 And pour the balm of pity in each wound.

Exil'd from her how toilsome creep the hours,
 Tho' friendly *Chelsea* lend its neighboring
 shade,
 Tho' *Thames'* soft Waters lull the willow'd shores
 And Nature's Music quivers thro' the glade.

Exiled from her, not all that nature boasts,
 Not all the flaming treasures of the East,
 Not all the sweets that crown *Campania's* coasts,
 Can sooth the slightest pang, that rends my
 breast.

She was indeed! but hold my racking brain,
 Canst thou the beauties of that form disclose?
 As soon, vain wretch! attempt in frantic strain,
 To paint each dew drop on the vernal rose.

Her eyes were brighter, than the orient beam,
 Her voice was sweeter than sweet *Philomel*,
 Easy proportion harmonized her frame,
 Heaven gave a mind, and bad it to excel:

What have I done? sure some insatuate fire,
 Or public rage, or private discord led,
 God's sacred fane consum'd with impious fire,
 Which, th' angry pow'r avenges on my head,
 Welcome Despair, thou king of Horrors come,
 Crush this loath'd being to its primal clay,
 Prepared

Prepared I wait th' inexorable doom,
And bid adieu to Hopes remotest ray.

Forgotten be my Name, my Age, my Birth,
Let black oblivion all my woes conceal,
Those killing woes, would poison future mirth,
And happy Lovers shudder at the tale.



THE



THE
IMMORTALITY
OF THE
MUSE S.

FLY, Envy fly, to Hell's detested gloom,
Nor more t' asperse the immortal Muse presume;
Th' immortal Muse on Fame's proud pinion flies,
Above the Croud, and claims her native skies.

Wealth's dazzling beams, the Statesman's subtle
Scheme,
The Pomp of Princes, and the Warrior's flame;
Arts that now flourish, Sciences that strain,
The vent'rous Wing, to yon ætherial Plain;
And calm Philosophy, whose Eye explores,
Nature's deep Womb, and opes her secret stores;
All these must feel the general decay,
Melt in the stream of Years and glide away
The *Nine* alone can deathless Fame bestow,
From these pure Founts immortal honours flow.

SEE *Milton's* Muse, th' unfathomed depths
explore,
Of sable vested Night. and Chaos hoar;
Thence bursting glorious, bend her rapid way,
Thro' the bright Regions of eternal Day;

Set

Set Heaven's rebellious Sons in impious Arms,
 And fill the firmament with loud alarms:
 While red in wrath Messiah's arm appears,
 And treble Thunders rock the tott'ring Spheres;
 'Till hurled at once from Heavn's stupendous
 brow,

Fall the crush'd Legions to the depths below;
 Blest that those Caves and Lakes of liquid Fire,
 Shield from the Fury of th' Almighty Sire.

SWEET *Spencer* next, the Captive fancy leads,
 To 'chanted Castles and enamel'd Meads;
 Where courteous Knights in magic Fetters lie,
 And wail their Woes to long Eternity.

NEXT daring *Shakespeare* strikes the ravished
 Soul,

And whirls us in a thrice from Pole to Pole;
 Unmasks the Traitor, bids the Hero rise,
 And pluck bright Virtue from the distant skies,
 Or soft descending, opes the human Heart,
 While living Nature speaks in every Part;
 What peals of Laughter shake the applauding Pit,
 At Pistol's Phrase, and Falstaff's pertless Wit:
 What bursting Sighs, what mighty Sorrows flow,
 At great *Othello's* more than mortal Woe;
 Who can the soft, the pleasing Anguish quell,
 When tender *Juliet* breaths her last farewell?

Enchanting Damsels and enchanted Swains,
 With Raptures catch soft *Waller's* silky Strains;
 Smooth as the Murmurs of descending Rills,
 Thro' every Nerve the languid Joy distills;

'Till

'Till the coy Virgin chaf'd to keen desire,
Transported sinks in Love's consuming Fire.

WHILE Truth, Morality and Wisdom rove,
With pensive *Cowley* thro' the silent Grove;
His skilful Hand spreads every Plant to View,
Whose tender Pores imbibe the Morning Dew.
Or thron'd aloft in *Pindar's* fiery Car,
Rides thro' the Æther like a Morning Star;
Whose sweeping Fires o'er Heavn's wide Concave
glow,
And strike Amazement in the Croud below.

WHILE genuine Wit the World's attention
draws,
Or justest satire challenges Applause;
Dorset's bright Muse maintains the foremost Place,
Reflecting Lustre on his noble Race.
Nor less severely * *Wilmot's* Numbers sting,
These early Numbers, nipt in Youth's fair
Spring;

O lost too soon! has Fate prolong'd thy Round
The Stars alone, thy deathless Fame cou'd bound;
A stronger genius never warmed the Breast,
A fairer, none of human Race possess;
Wit saw in thee her last great Champion fled,
And selfish Dullness rear'd th' exulting Head:
Saw to your Tomb the weeping Loves descend,
And each sad Muse the useless Lyre suspend.

ENGAGING Grace and Majesty divine,
Sparkle in *Buckingham's* melodious line.

BUT

* John Wilmot Earl of Rochester.

BUT see where all begirt with ruffian bands,
 In conscious Pride, majestic *Dryden* stands;
 As erst *Britannia's* martyr'd Monarch stood,
 Th' outrageous insults of a sordid Brood;
 Oh fly my Muse, thy swift Assistance bring,
 Rescue the Bard who first inspired to sing.
 But lo! th' invidious Rabble disappears,
 Like Summer Wasps, and all the Prospect clears,
 His manly Muse asserts her kindred Skies,
 While * *Trapp* and candid *Brown*, encrease th'
 Excise.

WHEN Roman *Sidney* fills the slender Reeds,
 We dream of soft Arcadia's flow'ry Meads;
 But when great *Denham* sings in bolder strains,
 We think their Beauties moved to British plains.

PIERIAN Maids whose sacred Fires controul
 My raptured Breast, and ravish all my Soul.
 Inspire my Sense, your radiant Beams diffuse,
 Whilst low I bend to *Pope's* imperial Muse;
 Oh heavenly Bard, endowed with ev'ry Art,
 To melt the Soul and captivate the Heart;
 On thy blest Lays the Loves and Graces hung,
 Breath'd on thy Lips, and dwelt upon thy tongue;
 Amazed we fancy, thy *Cæcilia* sings,
 Inspires the Harp and strikes the Silver strings;

While

* *Trapp* in the Preface to his lame Translation
 of *Virgil*, villifies Mr. *Dryden* with very great
 Injustice; Mr. *Brown* in his Essay on Satire, ad-
 dressed to the mighty Mr. *Warburton*, has treated
 him in the very same Manner, but with somewhat
 a greater shew of Candour.

While in sweet Measures thy mellifluous Song,
 Harmonious rolls, and steals the Sense along;
 If loftier Themes thy swelling Numbers roar,
 Loud as the Waves that lash the sounding shore,
 Or soft reclin'd, along the silver *Thame*,
 Flocks, Groves and Shepherds consecrate to Fame.

Who doats on Art and Nature's choicest Gift,
 May see the mighty Treasure, join'd in *Swift*.

LANSDOWN has Art and Nature reconcil'd;
 And *Gay* tho' *manly*, pleases ev'ry Child.

WHO can my *Congreve*'s polish'd scenes forget
 While purest Dialogue charms; or pointed Wit.

FLETCHER's quick Fire, and *Beaumont*'s
 calmer Sense,
 With gentle *Suckling*'s milder Influence;
 For these alas long lost, we now may grieve,
 Did not their various Graces still survive.
 While doric Eloquence from *Mason* flows,
 And *Juvenal*'s bright flame in *Whitehead* glows;
Tibullus, *Gallus*, *Ovid* all display
 Their softer Beauties in immortal *Gray*.



TOWN



TOWN ECLOGUES.

————— *Sale multo*

Urbem defricuit,

Hor.

————— *Sine amore Focisque.*

Nil est jucundum ;

ibid.



TOWN EPILOGUES.

T

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T O W N E C L O G U E S .

E C L O G U E I .

T O M I S S P E N N E F A T H E R .

I FIRST of all the *Brittish* Muses bore,
To sport along the Liffey's gentle Shore,
A bold Attempt ; ye Goddesses who guide,
Fair Fashion's reign, and o'er the Town preside ;
Whose still encount'ring Tongues, o'er Evening
Tea,

Recite the Scandal of a well-spent Day ;
Inspire my Soul, and grant your Bard to know,
Why tender Maids with melting Passion glow ;
Why Men are jealous, and what Cause inflames,
Autumnal Matrons and fat City Dames ;
Why Ladies oft elude the Farce of State,
And condescend to bear a vulgar Weight ;
Why thoughtless Rakes, and thund'ring Bullies
tear,
'The pliant Lads, — and Beaus attend the Fair.

Now had the welcome Morn's refreshing
beam,
O'er *Anne's* fair Church, diffus'd a Silver gleam ;
From the fond Nymph the fated Swain retires,
And empty Taverns quench their fading Fires ;
'The challeng'd Blade now waits the dire contest,
And barking *Shack* broke *Delia's* balmy rest ;

B 2.

Th' expecting

Th' expecting Angel threw her Arms around,
 In vain alas! nought but the Bed she found;
 Delusion sad, in soft extatic Dreams,
 That Moment youthful *Squander* told his flames,
Squander whose Wit and Charms for ever please
 Fine as his Coach, and handsome as his Greys;
 From her fair Bosom burst an am'rous Sigh,
 And Disappointment languished in her Eye.

Ah cruel Love, the angry Charmer said,
 Why wilt thou torture thus a harmless Maid;
 Sure you was born on *Scotland's* frightful Shore
 Where faithless Winds, and rugged Billows roar
 Bred up in *France* you learned each false Pre-
 tence,
 And last in *Ireland*, gathered Impudence:
 Why, tell me why, thou ever teizing Pest,
 Dost thou distract this poor deluded Breast.

My Virgin with first youthful *Damen* won,
 At *Stephen's-Green* I gazed and was undone;
 But he, false Traitor scorned the easy Prize,
 Yet fell a Victim to *Clarinda's* Eyes!

Next fawning *Mercer* practised on my Heart,
 And I once more received the fatal Dart;
 When *Mopsa*, aukward Monster interven'd,
 And with a Thousand more the Villain gain'd.

Have pity Venus, lend your heavenly Aid,
 Alas I fear I'm born to die a Maid.

When *Squander* shines in all the pomp of Dress
 Who can the soft intruding Flame repress,

As Iv'ry smooth, his tow'ring Forehead shews,
 And fainter than his Eyes, the brilliant glows ;
 When 'er he speaks, a Maid forgets her Fears,
 Ev'n Saints themselves would credit when he
 swears.

Have pity Venus, lend your heavenly Aid,
 Alas I fear I'm born to die a Maid.

Here, tender Thoughts my beating Bosom fire,
 There, frozen Honour combats strong desire ;
 My ancient Aunt's cold Lessons, all dissuade,
 But then my ancient Aunt, is still a Maid ;
 And Honour's but a bubble at the best,
 The starving Soldiers boast, and Courtiers jest.

Have pity Venus, lend your heavenly Aid,
 Alas I fear I'm born to die a Maid,

In vain, in vain with never ceasing toil,
 I shone at Picquet, and corrected *Hoyle* ;
 With silken Wreaths, my tender Head enclosed,
 Refreshed each Cheek, and these black Brows
 compos'd ;
 His flinty Soul nor Art, nor Beauty fires,
 And when he speaks, himself he most admires.

Have pity Venus, lend your heavenly Aid,
 Alas I fear I'm born to die a Maid.

Disast'rous Fate ! what hard conditions bind,
 Our hapless Sex, a Prey to false Mankind ;
 In youth's fair Summer courted and caress'd,
 In age's Winter left, and scorn'd at best ;

Like gaudy Flowers, a while we please the Eye,
Like them too soon, we wither, fade and die.

Have pity Venus lend your heavenly Aid,
Alas! I fear I'm born to die a Maid.

Since first this fond this foolish heart began,
To rave and languish for that creature Man;
From that sad Hour I date my various Woes,
Then Joy forsook my soul, and Grief arose;
In vain I strove the restless rage to calm,
Nor Cards, nor Tea, nor Scandal prov'd a balm.

Have pity Venus lend your heavenly Aid,
Alas! I fear I'm born to die a Maid.

'Tis wond'rous hard, for even the Belles allow
My Skin is fairer than the winter Snow;
Where'er I move the Men in raptures cry,
What radiant Glories sparkle in her Eye;
Malignant Prudes, and false Coquetts confess,
No Nymph to more Advantage plans her dress;
Can place the Pompadore with nicer skill,
Or give the Patch a keener Power to kill.

Where shall I fly? instruct me sacred pride,
My first, my best, my ever constant guide;
You taught me young to ogle at the Play,
Nay go to Church, and sometimes seem to
pray;
Your lofty Mandates whisper'd in my Ear,
To scorn the Commoner and love the Peer;
Then pity me, and lend your sacred Aid,
Nor let a blooming Virgin die a Maid.

Yes

Yes, since this Wanderer flights my proffer'd
Charms,

I'll even plunge me in his Lordship's Arms;
Tho' Gout and Palsie shake each tottering Limb,
His Teeth be rotten, and his Eyes grow dim;
Tho' Nymphs of easy Faith in youthful Hours,
His vigour wasted, and consum'd his Pow'rs;
A large Estate, all Calumnies will drown,
And grossest Fops, with Titles awe the Town;
May *Squander* then with galling Envy fret,
And lose his Fortune at a single Bet.

May he be curst with all that Heaven can fend,
A cruel Mistress, and a faithless Friend;
But if he weds, Oh grant good Heaven my Vows
That some abandoned Rake may plant his Brows;
Like wanton *Tom* who ev'ry Rep has rid,
And vaunts of ten times more, than e'er he did;
Then blasted, horn'd, demolish'd, let him rail,
And die a wretched Spectacle in Jail.



ECLOGUE



E C L O G U E II.

CLARINDA and LUCY.

Clarinda.

HIST Hussy hist ! no Gossip at a Feast,
Prates half so quick, and tires the weary
Guest ;

Three Hours I'm sure that Tongue has run on
Men,

Pray Heaven defend me from the same again ;
And *Damon*, *Damon*, still in every Phrase,
The lewdest Devil, ev'n of those lewd Days.

Lucy Alas my Lady 'tis the Sex's Fault,
To talk too much, I am but as I ought ;
And surely, surely, you may pardon well,
These few loose Words your Miseries compel ;
Was e'er a Nymph so shamefully abused ?
So sweet a Lady ? or so hardly used ?
Whose matchless Charms the fiercest Heart con-
troul,

Subdue the wise, and captivate the Dull ;
And shall this blooming Form be thrown away,
On a gross Lump of indigested Clay ?
Who fuddles with each common Sot and Snores,
In vulgar Brothels with distempered W——s ;
While *Damon* form'd with ev'ry Grace complete,
Lives on your Looks, and dies beneath your Feet ;
Oh but observe how elegant he bows,
What ardent Whispers waft his tender Vows ;

What

What strong Desires, whenever you come nigh,
Melt on his Lip and sparkle in his Eye !
What tho' with loftier Strides great *Johnson*
moves ?

Our easier *Damon* kindles softer Loves ;
Last Night at dusk upon the silent Green,
He spoke me thus, and spoke to me unseen ;
" Ah Lucy, does thy cruel Lady still,
" Remain unkind, and obstinate to kill ?
" Are all my Vows and Prayers and Raptures
vain,
" To move her stubborn Heart, and quench Dis-
dain ?
" Does she for whom my hourly Wishes glow,
" Still curse her Lover, and protract his Woe ?
" O wou'd she feel my throbbing Heart arise,
" Or read the artless Language of my Eyes,
" The Queen of Beauty sure wou'd cease to hate,
" Relax her Brow, nor urge my hapless Fate ;
" For her I've scorn'd proud *Delia*, o'er and o'er,
" And *Delia* was her Rival heretofore ;
" For her I spurn Assemblies, Balls and Plays,
" Those Vanities that charmed in former Days ;
" Silent I wander as my Passion leads,
" And vent my Sorrows in those lonely Shades ;
" While happier Swains their melting Nymphs
enclose,
" In eager Folds, and full extatic Throws ;
" O cou'd I strain her to this panting Breast,
" And force the coy Seducer to be blest ;
" Who now O Torture ! yields her Form divine,
" To that foul Sor, bedaubed with Filth and
Wine ;

" Not

" Not all the Silver the *Peruvians* hold,
 " *Indoſtan's* Diamonds, or *Golconda's* Gold;
 " Nor all the Titles in great *George's* Pow'r,
 " Cou'd bribe me from her Arms a ſingle Hour;
 " But if remorseleſs Rancour ſteels her Breſt,
 " This one, this laſt poor Favour I requeſt;
 " One pitying Glance, one tender Interview,
 " 'Tis all I aſk, before a laſt Adieu:
 " E'er I attempt *America's* wild Shores,
 " Where fury Breathes, and Savage diſcord roars,
 " Some kinder Ball will ſwift deſtruction yield,
 " And ſtretch this curſed Form along the Field;
 " This hapleſs Form by howling Dogs conſum'd,
 " Shall taint the Shore, unwept and unintomb'd."
 Thus while he ſpoke, (or may I ne'er find Grace)
 The ſparkling Tears bedewed his lovely Face;
 Were I a Queen, and Miſtreſs of your Charms,
 By Heav'n above, I'd ruſh into his Arms:
 If t'an't a Sin to have his Blifs delayed,
 May I conſume, and die a wither'd Maid.

Cla. That laſt I fear is out of Fortune's pow'r,
 But trim the Tapers, and go ſhut the Door;
 Take off theſe Ruffles,—well my Lord's a beaſt,
 Pretence is vain,—I loath him and deteſt;
 Set by the Bed a light, and *Congreve's* Plays,
 Unpin this Handkerchief, and looſe my Stays;

Lu. And muſt unhappy *Damon* languish ſtill,
 In deep Deſpair?

Cla. ————— Why bring him if you will.

ECLOGUE III.

TO MRS. BLANNERHASSETT.

BELMOUR and STANDARD.

Belmour.

WELL, since To-morrow's Sun must light
thee down,
To distant quarters from the noisy Town;
This precious Evening, let's together waste
The few short Hours, and talk of Pleasures past

Stand. With all my Heart, my Company is
gone.

And I must follow with the rising Sun;
Must leave the Town, tho' Mirth and Pleasure
calls.

For *Limerick's* strange Faces, and dead Walls.

Bel. Nay by my Life if that's your destin'd Port
You'll bless your Stars, and think your stay too
short,

So subtle, smooth, complete a Devil as you,
In that same Town will find much Work to do.
You that can play for Sixpences and smile,
With ev'ry Lass, and win herself the while;
You, who can each rank Harridan carefs,
And then expose her at the publick Mess;
You who can,—

Stand:

Stand. Ah! prythee cease my pleasant Friend
Too much indeed my Virtues you commend;
You seem to ken the Village pretty well,
D'ye speak by knowledge, or as others tell?

Bel. Why once I staid there some five Days and
more,
Yes, 'twas in Spring Assizes *Fifty-four*;
O hadst thou seen the dear deluding Things,
That beat like Butter-flies, their liken Wings;
Round an old Loft—miscall'd a Dancing-room,
All flush'd with Health, and fresh in nature's
bloom,
You'd curse the *Gardens, Stephen's-green*, and all,
Or painted Belles, who croud a birth-night ball,
Fram'd as you are, I warn to guard thy heart,
A thousand Beauties throw the fatal dart;

Serene in Majesty *Celinda* shone,
Above her Sex and made us all her own,
Form'd with each gentle, soft and moving Art,
To melt the Soul, and pierce the flut'ring heart;
Sense, Virtue, Beauty o'er her Face diffuse,
Seraphic Sweetness, mild as morning Dews;
What Man beholds her swelling snowy Breast,
But burns and raves and dies to *feel* the rest.
Her ev'ry Glance wou'd fire declining Age,
Or awe the Libertine's licentious Rage;
Second to none, her lovely Sister stands,
Both brightest Patterns of celestial Hands.

Stand. O breaths the heavenly Nymph; still
unrestrain'd,
Or have curs'd Vows the wedding Virgin chain'd?

Bel. The

Bel. The wedded Virgin, very appropos,
 I fear indeed she still continues so ;
 While at her feet a thousand Lovers die,
 And catch their being from her radiant Eye ;
 While reigning Empress, her despotick Breath,
 On prostrate Crouds pronounc'd or life or death ;
 The heavenly Prize, a half Don Quixote bears,
 To distant Climes and leaves us all in Tears ;
 In female Frames, such Oddities will mix,
 Such the strange whim that guides th' uncertain
 Sex.

In easy Measures next * *Miranda* moves,
 She moves, and with her all the tender Loves ;
 Bright as the Star that shoots a silver Ray,
 Thro' Night's dark Veil, and forms another
 Day ;

Sweet as the Rose that sheds her rich Perfumes,
 In Spring's soft season when all Nature blooms ;
 Gentle and graceful, as the Paphian Queen,
 Who blest the Swain on Ida's flow'ry Green ;
 Her Form divinely exquisite evades,
 The Sculpter's Hand, and Pencil's living Shades ;
 Nor Raphael's strength, or Guido's softer Grace,
 Cou'd touch the brighter Glories of her Face.

When *Delia's* Eyes like sparkling Brilliants roll,
 What thrilling Transports agonize the Soul !

C

Fair

* This Character has been mistaken by some, as if drawn for the Lady, to whom the Eclogue is Address'd ; but I beg leave to assure the Public, that not one female Character in the whole is drawn from real Life, and has no Existence but in meer Imagination.

Fair *Zephalinda* bears a milder sway,
Extremely pretty, and extremely gay;
Beware her Parent how you durst offend,
The keenest Enemy and warmest Friend;
With her secure, your Form shall feel no
wrong,
From the sly Whisper or envenom'd Tongue;

Thus much for Women, now as to the Men,
In Truth you'll hardly meet the like again;
If you chuse quiet then *Carafs* affords,
A Bounty much unknown to modern Lords;
There *Carbery* fills each just, each decent Part
With manly Freedom and an honest Heart,
But if in endless Drinking you delight,
C——r will ply you till you sink outright;
C——r for swilling Floods of Wine renown'd,
Whose matchless Board with various Plenty's
crown'd;
Eternal Scenes of Riot, Mirth and Noise,
With all the Thunder of the *Nenagh* Boys,
We laugh, we roar, the ceaseless Bumpers fly,
Till the Sun purples o'er the Morning Sky;
And if unruly Passions chance to rise,
A willing Wench the *Fir-grove* still supplies.

Next limps my *Hugo* train'd from early Days,
To Nurse abandon'd Youth ten Thousand ways,
Rampant as *Bacchus* midst his jolly Souls,
Sits the bold Chief and all the Board controuls;
His purse and Pistols every Friend commands,
In Truth he handles both with bounteous Hands;
His matchless Frolicks let him stand who can,
Tho' Drink and Lasses have reduc'd the Man;

With

With these you still will live a welcome Guest,
 And scorn th' extorting *Booth* and City Feast;
 Where drunken Bucks carouse and swagger it,
 With very little Money and less Wit.

Stand. Such Bucks, such Bucks, must make
 their exit soon,
 But now you talk of Bucks d'ye know *Chamont*,
 A desperate Rioter, if Fame says right,
 Who Drinks, and W——s, and Fights from
 Morn till Night,
 Who hates our Colours,

Bel. ————— You mistake him quite.
 No train'd old Bully more avoids all Strife,
 But if he must, — why then — he'll risk his Life;
 He still detested Fops in Sword or Gown,
 And dar'd their worst, and bravely laught 'em
 down.

Severely pelted *Stella's* Locks 'tis true,
 Yet by my Faith he gave her but her due,
 Nor did his pointed Satire fail t' expose,
 Affected *Lesbia's* promontory Nose;
 Her tainted Breath, wan cheeks, and rancid
 Toes;
 Or that coarse Trull who scorning th' ancient Path,
 Went every Year t' expose herself at *Bath*
 As old Jack-daws surpriz'd upon the Nest,
 Scarlet Boots by Boys and Women dress'd;
 The pert Creatures chance t' escape the Lock,
 And mingle with their Brothers of the Rock;
 They strut and prate, the rest Obedience pay,
 To those much more ridiculous than they;

So she ralaxes th' everlasting Springs,
 Of that loose tongue, and tells of *Bath's* fine things;
 This Blade, himself or Sword, ne'er stuck to lend
 And freely shar'd his Purse with any Friend;
 Often indeed irregularly pleas'd,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not craz'd:
 Cou'd sometimes force a smile from *Southwell's* brow
 And *Southwell* is a Judge, you'll all allow.

To fair *Belinda's* Praises rais'd his Song,
Belinda noble, beautiful and young;
Belinda form'd the wisest Heart to rule,
 Yet sadly doom'd the Victim of a Fool;
 Who ignorant of all that Beauty brings,
 Poison'd those Graces that might conquer Kings.

Oh! Gentle *Bell* shall Bolusses annoy,
 That lovely Frame so form'd to render Joy;
 Must foul Elixirs pall that lively Tongue,
 Which ne'er yet fail'd perswading old and young;
 Shall he as Gin inspires, or grosser whim,
 Instead of P——g you, say you P——d him
 'Tis just: may all those Evils crush at once,
 Each witty Fair who trundles to a Dunce.

Stand. You say the Nymph had wit, what
 cou'd she see,
 In such a Wretch as this appears to be;
 Did Tow'rs of Steel inclose her dark recess,
 Deny'd to all, had he alone access?
 If so, she has it still within her Pow'r,
 To crown the Sot, and pay him off in score;
 Revenge her Injuries and recent P—x,
 For Thousands wish to dub the Ass an Ox.

ECLOGUE

ECLOGUE IV.

TO MRS. FITZGERALD.

NOW Sunday comes, the Vulgar throng to
 Pray'r,
 And well-bred People for the Ring prepare ;
 Now grumbling Bailiffs out of Office stand,
 And City Wives in Hackneys crowd the Strand ;
Ramble and *Simper* met, one form'd to scour
 The well watch'd Street, and Love's promiscuous
 Bow'r ;
 The other born a Slave to soft Desires,
 To am'rous Longings, and to Cupid's Fires ;
 Then *Ramble* first—Say *Simper* what damn'd
 Cause,
 Withers your Visage, and contracts your Jaws ;
 Say has some Nymph whose penetrating Flames,
 The skilful Leech with difficulty tames ;
 Fir'd ev'ry Part, or is your money fled !
 Or has your Father risen from the dead ?

Simper. O ! wou'd to Heav'n, and all the
 Pow'rs above,

That these were all, no, *Ramble* I'm in love ;
 Last Monday Evening, saunt'ring at the Play,
 Enchanting *Celia* stole my Heart away,
 When *Barry* lost in Grief, began to rave,
 And sought his *Juliet* in the lonely Grave ;
 Down her fair Cheek the pearly Current stole,
 And each dear Drop prov'd poison to my Soul.

C 3.

Ramble.

Ramble. O Fool! 'twas affectation in the
Dame,

She wept indeed, 'cause others did the same;
Some Peerless led;—Thus if the Boxes frown,
The Pit strait hisses, and the Gall'ries groan;
Courage dear *Simper*, scorn her sparkling Eyes,
Remote from them the female Treasure lies.

Sim. Them Eyes, rash Man, like sparkling
Brilliants glow,
To tell the Riches of the Mine below;
The abandon'd Profligate indeed pursues
His nauseous Pleasures in th' unwholesome Stews,
A Foe to virtuous Love, and all its Sweets,
The dread of W—s, and nuisance of the Streets.

Ram. In troth well preach'd; no Methodist in
Beer,
Or W——s or W——m cou'd be more
severe;
But much I fear your *limber Nerve* denies,
Without the help of Blandishments to rise;
Your flimsy Striplings, mighty Champions prove;
For virtuous Pleasures and unspotted Love;
These I despise, a gen'rous flask of Wine,
And half an Angel makes *Corunna* mine.

Sim. So gross a Strumpet, such a filthy Feast,
Is well adapted to your vulgar Taste;
What Chairman traverses this spacious Town,
But oft in midnight Cellars laid her down;
Nay H——d self, who never flinch'd before,
Starts back for Shame, and flies this horrid
W——c.

Ram.

Ram. But pray sweet Sir, if *Celia* has no Taint,
 Why the Expence of Washes, Gums and Paint,
 Why in her Draw'rs do leaden Combs abound,
 Or Ribs of Steel the flatt'ring Stays surround :
 This *Tattle* told at *Walker's* with Applause,
 And then forsook her—you may guess the cause.

Sim. O stand'rous Malice ! *Tattle* she disdain'd,
 And vastly loth, his rude Address sustain'd ;
 The Town well knows last Friday at Vauxhall,
 When glitt'ring like a Bridegroom at a Ball,
 He bow'd t' her thrice, she turn'd her head aside,
 And mortified the aspiring Coxcomb's Pride ;
 Such carriage from a Soul so sweet, express'd
 The high Disdain that fill'd her lovely Breast.

Ram. Ev'n that may be : some various passions
 strike,
 And no two Mortals, ever thought alike ;
 Pleas'd is the Bawd when some rich Cully bleeds,
 Pleas'd is the Courtier when his Bribe succeeds ;
 Me the plump Girl, and circling Glafs delight,
 By Day to comfort, and to charm by Night.

Sim. The Surgeon's pleas'd when wanton
 Striplings stray,
 Pleas'd is the Prude with Scandal and Bohea ;
 The Gamester pleas'd that new fledg'd Heir be-
 guiles,
 But all the World is pleas'd when *Celia* smiles.

Ram. Psha ! hang her Minx ! such washy
 Things despise,
 I'll shew you twice a sprightlier Lass at *Guy's* ;
 Last

Last Night to *Loverwell's* Lodgings *Matty* came,
 In loose attire, I felt a sudden flame;
 Nor was I long perplex'd 'tween hope and fear;
 The Nymph was ready and the Bed was near.

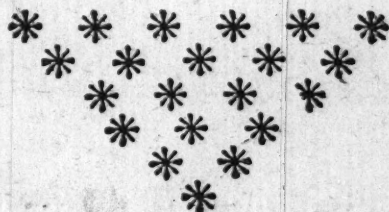
Sim. When *Calia* shone at Lady *Squander's*
 Drum,
 She seem'd that Instant from the Skies to come;
 I play'd at Picket, do not think I boast,
 For faith she ask'd me Simper, han't you lost;
 The heavenly Accents kindled new Desires,
 In ev'ry Part, and fan'd my former Fires.

Ram. 'Twas much indeed! but who of Sense
 and Grace,
 Wou'd haunt a puny Girl from Place to Place;
 A servile, dangling Slave, where'er she goes,
 To Balls, Assemblies, Plays and Puppet Shows:
 In circling Streams of endless Folly lost,
 'Twixt airy Hopes and dire Delusions tost;
 Nature's plain Call is easily supply'd,
 And 'tis by whim our Wants are multiply'd.

Sim. But rather tell what Mortal wou'd
 explore,
 The tawdry Stews, where treach'rous Bullies roar,
 Where foul Disease in gaudy Form appears,
 And present Pleasures earnest future tears;
 When the swell'd Tongue, loose Teeth, and Nose
 decay'd,
 Scarce leave sufficient Strength to curse the Jade,
 These are the Vices, these the rotten Ills,
 That thin the Town, and crowd the weekly
 Bills.

Ram.

Ram. To lavish Breath with such a Prig as
 you,
 I find is Labour lost, and so Adieu.—
 Then each gay Champion turn'd a different
 Street
 Nor car'd they much a second Time to meet;
 T' adjust his Dress th' enamour'd Simper goes,
 And Ramble steer'd to Dinner at the Rose.



From the

I find

... ..

... ..



'T
Bu



FOUR
IDYLLIUMS
OF
THEOCRITUS
Paraphrased.

'Tis true Compos'ing is the nobler Part.
But good Translation is no easy Art. *Rescom.*



BY WILLIAM

THEOCRITUS

Paraphrased.

THE TRUE COMPARISON OF THE APOSTOLICAL
AND ECCLESIASTICAL SYSTEMS

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T H E O C R I T U S.

IDYLLIUM VI.

TO MAURICE FITZGERALD, Esq;
KNIGHT OF KERRY.

WHEN Noon-day Beams had scorch'd the
thirsty Glade,
Two pleasant Shepherds fought the cooling Shade,
The one robust, to vigorous Manhood grown,
The other young, and clothed with soft Down,
Besides a silver Spring that flow'd along,
They sat, and thus alternate rais'd the Song.

D A P H N I S.

See with swift Apples from the smiling Main,
Fair *Galatea* pelts thy fleecy Train;
Whilst thou, rough *Polipheme*, unvers'd in Love,
Sigh to the Myrtle Shade, or willow Grove,
Will all this basishful Moaning satisfy,
A Nymph who pants for more substantial Joy,
See now, ev'n now she pelts thy faithful *Tray*,
Just shews her lively Head, and dives away;
See how the fretted Mastiff runs and raves,
And catches at his Shadow in the Waves;
Nay quick restrain him lest his Teeth invade,
If she shou'd land, the more than mortal Maid;
Oft here she roves the loveliest of her Kind,
Soft as the Down that wantons on the Wind;
And yet as if by luckless Stars impell'd,
To those who love her, she disdains to yield;

D

But

But they who scorn, incessantly pursues,
 And tho' repuls'd, her fervent Suit renews.
 Wife is the man, who Love's quick turns can find,
 And trace the various Arts of Women Kind.

D A M E T A S.

Nay, nay, by holy *Pan* I stole a Peep,
 As the fly Damsel pelted at my Sheep;
 Swift tho' she was, she cou'd not 'scape this Eye,
 With which I gaze, and shall until I die;

Tho' strange Misfortunes *Telemus* foretels *
 Good Heav'n upon himself bestow those Ills;
 But I i' inflame her Appetites the more,
 Seem not to heed her Steps along the Shore;
 Or stretch'd at Ease within the verdant Groves,
 Tune my soft Pipe, and sing of other Loves;
 Heav'n! how she rages, from the Waves she flies,
 Despair and Passion sparkling in her Eyes;
 Ranges o'er all my Grotts, and Caves, and Lawns,
 While on her Hand that same fierce Mastiff fawns,
 E'er

* The Reader must observe that the Loves of Polyphemus and Galatea are the Subject of this Idyl. Daphnis acts as Confidant, Dametas in the Person of Polyphemus answers. He after lost his Eye, as we are told in the 9th Book of Homer's *Odyssey*.

— They swift let fall
 The pointed Torment on his visual Ball,
 In his broad Eye, so whirls the fiery Wood;
 From the pierc'd Pupil spouts the boiling Blood;
 Singed are his Brows; the scorching Lids grow
 black;
 The Jelly bubbles, and the Fibres crack.

POPE.

Ever long I hope to see th' inconstant Dame,
 Confess her Passion and avow the Flame;
 But I'll reject whatever she can bring,
 Unless the coy one grants the real Thing;
 For faith I'm handsome, from my silent Cave,
 I stole last Night, and view'd me in the Wave;
 My Face is fair let Wags say what they will,
 My Beard is neat, my Locks are neater still;
 My even Teeth compose a lovely Row,
 Well set, and white as Parian Marble shew;
 Beside old *Coty* too, has got a Spell,
 Her female Wiles and Flatt'ries to repel;
 That venerable Witch who late within,
Hipocoon's Barns sung pienteous Harvest in.
 Here ceas'd the Swain, and with soft Pleasures
 prest,
 The blooming *Daphnis* to his tender Breast;
 I soon rewarded their melodious Skill,
 And gave a charming Flute and Tabor shrill;
 Along the Plain their wanton Heifers low'd,
 While both were pleas'd, and both unconquer'd
 stood.



T H E O C R I T U S.

IDYLLIUM XI.

TO THOMAS O'BRIEN, Esq.

IN vain Physicians search the tedious round,
Of Drugs and Herbs to cure a Lover's Wound,
Art's utmost Efforts strive in Vain to ease,
'The raging Smart, or sooth the dire Disease:
The Muses only Love's keen Torments calm,
How few alas, can taste the sacred Balm;
'Thou know'st this well, whose Hand humanely
good,
Remov'd the Effects, altho' the Causes stood;
When on the vent'rous Damself's venal Breast,
In rich Idea others we possess.

Now hear a Tale deduced from Days of Yore
How *Polipheme*, was cur'd by sacred lore;
Ten thousand Torments his rough Bosom fir'd,
Controul'd his Brain and furious Thoughts in-
spir'd;

His Soul inflam'd, no Purpose else intends,
Forgetful of himself, his Country, Friends:
His fleecy Care that charm'd in happier Days,
On Thistles and rough Thorns, neglect'd graze;
While the sad Master on the Shore reclin'd,
Hum'd his wild Sorrows to the Waves and
Wind;

Yet still the sacred Nine assuag'd his Smart,
Restor'd his Peace, and drew the bearded Dart;

High

High on a Rock, he plyed the tuneful Strain,
And thus lamented to the sounding Main.

" Ah! heavenly Nymph, dear Object of my
Flames,

" More soft than Lambs, and white as milky
Streams;

" Sprightly as youthful Steers, whose gamesome
Tread,

" Marks the pure Fountain, or enamel'd Mead:

" But harsher Mixtures taint thy haughty Mind,

" Than fill the rugged Lemon's crabbed Rind;

" Else had this melting, melancholy Strain,

" Inspir'd sweet Love, and cool'd thy fierce Dis-
dain.

" In raptur'd Dreams I clasp thee to my Breast,

" With eager Folds caressing and carefs'd;

" But ah! with nimble Wings the Morning flies,

" Breaks the blest Trance; and dissipates my
Joys.

" I date my Woes from these disast'rous Hours,

" When in our Gardens first, you gather'd
Flowers;

" The fatal Moment still survives within,

" This bleeding Heart; my Mother led thee in;

" I too attended with officious Care,

" And little Thought my Ruin was so near,

" Condemn'd to burn and burn in deep despair. }

" Curs'd be this rugged Form that fails to move,

" This shaggy Beard, and Eye forbidding Love.

" Yet I tho' rough, a thousand Herds com-
mand,

" Ten thousand Sheep, and endless tracts of
Land;

- " Ten thousand Ewes their swelling Udders
 yield,
 " When Night returns, and whiten all the Field;
 " Along my Cave thick rows of Pails extend,
 " The groaning Shelves beneath the Burthen
 bend,
 " My Pipe excels the rough *Cyclopean* Throng,
 " Nor one presumes with me to raise the Song;
 " As at calm Eve my hapless Loves I sing,
 " The Groves rejoice and list'ning Vallies ring;
 " While wrapt in Woodland Shades obscure I
 play,
 " 'Till bright Aurora sheds her golden Ray;
 " From a rough Bear, ten lovely Cubs I tore,
 " Ten snow-white does with spots all dappled o'er;
 " These for my Love sweet Prisoners remain,
 " Ah! cease dear Nymph, Ah! cease thy dire
 disdain,
 " Leave the cold Billows to intruding Storms,
 " And Taste extatic Transports in these Arms;
 " Around my Cave the sacred Laurels grow,
 " Thick Ivy twines and Grapes in Clusters glow;
 " Refreshing Streams descend from *Ætna's* Brow,
 " As Chrystal clear, and pure as Winter Snow;
 " And can'st thou still forego delicious Ease,
 " For howling Tempests and devouring Seas!
 " What tho' no Venus, with attractive Grace,
 " Shap'd these coarse Limbs, or form'd this
 coarser Face;
 " Ting'd these rough Lips, or flush'd this heavy
 Eye,
 " The want of Charms my hoarded stores sup-
 ply;
 " Bright

" Bright Fires illumine my Cave, when Eve sets in,
 " Yet I sad Swain feel fiercer Flames within;
 " O were I chang'd by Love's propitious God,
 " To some sweet Fish to range the silver Flood;
 " Then may I rove the world of Waters, blest,
 " In swimming round and nibbling at thy Breast;
 " Then wou'd I skip and deck thy Seagreen
 Bow'r,

" With all the Glories of the verdant Shore;
 " Lillies and Roses, and soft Poppies bring,
 " That bloom in Winter Snows, or genial
 Spring;

" By Jove, whoe'er next Chances to arrive,
 " On these fair Shores shall teach me how to dive;
 " Bravely I'll plunge off yonder lofty Steep,
 " And try what hidden Charms conceals the
 deep;

" Ah! heav'nly Nymph no more thy Shepherd
 shun,

" Ah! come forsake thy home, as I have done?

" When Night returns, we'll fold the tender
 Lambs,

" Press the white Curd, or ease the milky Dams,

" Within the conscious Bow'r we'll kiss and toy;

" And waste our Lives in one continual joy,

" My cruel Parent mocks my raging Pain,

" Nor strives to mollify thy fierce disdain;

" A female Confidant's thy surest Friend,

" To work coy Damsels to the wish'd for End;

" And yet preposterous, her Tears are shed,

" If slightest Pains attack my Feet or Head.

" But soft, thee *Cyclop*, has this flame outright

" Consum'd thy Wit, and turn'd thy Senses quite?

" Where

- " Where now thy lowing Herds and fleecy Fold,
 " Or rural Tasks that pleas'd, and charm'd of
 old ;
 " For shame take heart, and scorn these whining
 Rhimes,
 " 'Twill shew thy Judgment more a thousand
 Times,
 " Despise, disdain, and catch with open Arms,
 " The first bright Maid that offers thee her
 Charms ;
 " Of all the Vices numerous that stain,
 " The fickle Sex, none equals Rank disdain ;
 " For thee their Charms, as beauteous Damsels
 spread,
 " Nor can'st thou miss a gentler fair one's Bed ;
 " An Hundred court thee fresh in Nature's bloom,
 " Then scorn this Wench, thy manly Pride resume ;
 " Thus the cheer'd Swain shook off his fancied
 Ills,
 " And found a Cure ne'er practis'd by your Bills."



THEOCRITUS.

T H E O C R I T U S.

IDYLLIUM XXX.

TO THOMAS LELAND, B. D. F. T. C D.

BRIGHT *Leda's* Sons, exalt my humble Strain,
 The glorious Patrons of the dusty Plain;
 With equal Nerves no daring Champions speed,
 The Gauntlet's Force, and tame the fiery Steed,
 You sacred Nine my swelling Numbers grace,
 To sing the Pride and Props of human Race.

When wasteful War spreads universal Woe,
 And from the Stars unnumber'd Evils flow;
 When fraught with Death, terrific tempests sweep,
 Toss the tall Ship, and rouse the raging deep;
 Heav'd from his oozy Bed old Ocean roars,
 The mountain Surges dash the craggy Shores;
 While Sleet and Hail in wild confusion fly,
 And Death's grim Terrors glare in ev'ry Eye;
 Then, then, you calm this elemental Strife,
 And cheer despairing Souls with dawning Life;
 Smooth the rough Seas, diffuse a brighter Day,
 O'er Heaven's blue Vault, and point the auspicious way;

Blest guides to Man, your Praises I prolong,
 Let *Pollux* first adorn the sounding Song.

When *Argo* first of ships with vent'rous Oars,
 Swept fair *Bebricia's* more than savage Shores;
 In joyful Crouds her eager Warriors land,
 Impell'd and urg'd by Fate's misterious Hand;

While

While some raise pleasant Beds of verdant Grass,
Prepare the Bowl, and tasteful Viands dress;

Caster and *Pollux* weary of the Main,
Sought the cool Groves, and left their trusty train;
Here as they rovd, and fed their eager Eyes,
From clust'ring Rocks they saw a Rivlet rise;
Whose silver Streams irregularly play'd,
In chrystal Waves along th' enamell'd Mead;
Tall tufts of Cypress form delicious Bow'rs,
And humming Bees possess thy balmy Flow'rs;
On the soft Brink a monstrous Man reclin'd,
Who seem'd more fierce than aught of human
Kind;

Frightful as Death; his Face with Lumps oppress'd,
His Shoulders brawny, firm as Steel his Breast;
He look'd as form'd to mock the rage of Foes,
Like hammer'd Brass which gathers Strength
from Blows,

And as a Cliff, long buffeted in vain,
By the wild Fury of the rapid Main;
Tho' worn and rounded, still unshaken stands,
So seem'd the swelling Muscles of his Hands:
A Lion's tawny Hide conceal'd his Back,
Which the strong Paws had fasten'd to his Neck:
Intrepid *Pollux* ey'd the mighty Man,
With silent Wonder, and thus calm began;

Pollux. All Health, what Nation favour'd of
the Gods,

In this fair Region fix their blest Abodes?

Amicus. How Health from Foreigners? I know
not thee,

Pol. Fear not, we come to work no Injury:

Am.

Am.
Pol.

Am.
Shall
Say F
Pol.
Thee
Am
scor
Pol.
Am.
Pol.

Am.

Disp
And
Pol.

Am.
Pol.

Am.

Pol.

Th
Am.

Am.

Am.

Am.

Am.

Am. Dost thou vain Stripling bid me not to sea!

Pol. Your Tongue is foul, and like that Form
severe,

Am. Just as you see me, still my Arms I bear;
Shall saucy Vagabonds infest our Shores,
Say Friend did ever I encroach on yours?

Pol. If so, our Hospitality wou'd send,
Thee back all grac'd, and gifted as a Friend;

Am. Why try'st thou all those low evasive Shifts,
scorn alike the Giver and the Gifts;

Pol. 'Tis well, but may not those Waters taste?

Am. Yes, if you'll chuse to purchase the repast;

Pol. Agreed: Lo pow'rful Gold's persuasive
Charms,

Am. Nay, Youngster you must handle other
Arms;

Display thy Art, thy utmost Efforts try,
And look at Danger with a steady Eye.

Pol. Whom shall I combat, must I fight the
Wind,

Am. No but a Champion of a rougher Kind;

Pol. And what's the conqu'rors prize my boist'rous
Friend,

Am. His humble Slave the Conquer'd shall at-
tend,

Pol. Fie, this is base, unworthy noble Men,
Thus the cow'd Dunghill Cock resigns the Hen.

Am. Let Cocks and Lions fight as they agree,
A greater Wager can't be stak'd than me.

His lofty Trumpet then *Amicus* fills,
resound the Vales, and shake the distant Hills;
Hou'ds of *Bebricians* press the sable Shore,
While from the Ship the *Grecian* Heroes pour;

Both

Both fierce, both young, endow'd with equal
 might,
 With strong Impatience wait the gloomy fight;

And now the Warriors on the list'd Ground,
 To each rough Skm the pond'rous Whirlbats
 bound;

Then rushing furious, scorning all controul,
 Disdain and Rage inflaming either Soul;
 With manly Artifice they strive t'evade,
 The Suns strong Beams and combat in the Shade,
 This *Pollux* gain'd; the full descending Sun
 In bold *Amicus* flaming Visage shone;
 Beyond all Bounds his savage Phrenzy grew,
 And closer still his random Blows he threw;
 This headlong Rage judicious *Pollux* saw,
 And pelted unawares his crackling Jaw;
 With clotted Gore the deep incision flow'd,
 With treble Rage the wounded Monster glow'd,
 Backward he drew to aim a fatal Stroke,
 As howling Tempests bend the stubborn Oak;
Rebrician Clamours rend the vaulted Sky,
 As loud again the Sons of *Greece* reply;
 Yet soft Concern alarm'd each *Grecian* Breast,
 Lest *Pollux* fall beneath such Weights oppress;
 But he with cautious Eye, and matchless Skill,
 Shun'd his wide Blows, and ply'd him closer still;
 On ev'ry Side incessant Strokes assail,
 The tott'ring Chief, nor Fire nor Strength avail;
 Doz'd and disabled, buffeted he stands,
 And Streams of sable Gore pollute the Sands;
 Shouts of Applause re-echo thro' the Field,
 When the glad *Greeks* his mangled Form be-
 held,

The

The tuneful shouts, his Shame and Sorrow swell,
While thicker Bruises from brave *Pollux* fell.

And now the *Grecian* hero aims a Blow,
With all his Might, and smote his haughty Brow;
The Whirlbat sounds as from a flinty Rock,
Spins in his Hand, and owns the mighty Shock;
The Bone was stripp'd unable more to stand,
Prostrate he falls, and bites the bloody Strand;
But quick uprising, fir'd with Shame and Rage,
In Wrath renew'd the frowning Ciefs engage;
Gloomy as Fate each points the mortal Wound,
Sweat bathes their Sides, and Blood distains the
Ground;

Still at the Bosom bold *Amicus* prest,
But wiser *Pollux* levell'd at the Breast;
There his rough Arm confounds his batter'd Brow,
While the vast Giant dwindles at each blow,
His Limbs relax, his manly Colours fade,
He nods, appal'd, confounded and dismay'd;
In *Leda*' Son, while purer Blushes rise,
And keener Lightnings brandish in his Eyes.

Celestial Clio sing the fatal Blow,
That clos'd the Strife, and laid the Monster
low;
Heav'n, Hell, or Earth hide nothing from thy
View,
Paint thou the way, enraptur'd I pursue.

Amicus now, to finish all disposed,
Within his grasp the *Grecian*'s Hand inclos'd;
Then stooping low, as artfully he bends,
To catch his Thigh, his better Hand extends;

E

But

But *Pollux* swiftly disengag'd his Thigh,
 Aiming a final Blow above his Eye,
 Just where the vital Pow'rs the Brain supply;
 Sure fell the Stroke, the vanquish'd Warrior
 groan'd,

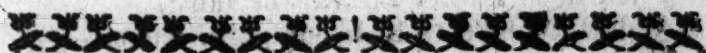
An instant Fate seem'd hov'ring o'er the Wound;
 His mangled Flesh, his batter'd Teeth and Blood,
 Down his vast Throat in choaking Currents flow'd,
 No Sign appear'd of Eyes, or Mouth or Nose,
 And *Pollux* still redoubled all his Blows;
 'Till low in Dust the bleeding Tyrant lies,
 Low in the Dust, nor did he strive to rise;
 His Hands close clinch'd and struggling hard for
 Breath,

As if he strove t' exclude incroaching Death;
 Nor did our glorious Conqueror bestow,
 A single Taunt upon his prostrate Foe;
 While he a feeble, fervent Vow exprest,
 For evermore to reverence a Guest;

Thus have I *Pollux*' deathless Combat sung,
 My tributary Strains to *Castor* next belong.



THEOCRITUS,



T H E O C R I T U S

IDYLLIUM XXXI.

TO JOHN DAY, Esq;

AND now the conqu'ring Sons of mighty
Jove,
 Felt the soft Flame, and melted into Love;
Lucippus' lovely Daughters both inspire,
 The blooming Heroes with resistless Fire;
 This cruel Fire to sad injustice leads,
 And tho' engag'd they — the beauteous Maids;
Aphareus' Offspring join'd in mutual Ties,
 To each bright Nymph pursued the heavenly
 Prize;

Ev'n at their warlike Father's Tomb they met,
 There doom'd alas! to Taste disastrous Fate,
 All from their Chariots with an eager bound,
 Grasp'd their bright Arms, and sprung upon the
 Ground.

When *Lynceus* first the fullen Silence broke,
 The Hills and Vallies trembled as he spoke.

Why gleam these brandish'd Swords and Lau-
 ces; whence

This ruffian Rage, and brutal Violence?
 First rife the sad Virgin's tender Charms,
 And then support the Rape with impious Arms;
 O lost to Shame! these Damsels did bestow,
 Themselves on us, and Heav'n has heard the Vow;
 Their

Their aged Father ratified the same,
 And all inclin'd to bless our purer Flame;
 'Till you contriv'd, inspir'd by lustful Rage,
 With curst Gold to sap his feeble Age;
 To odious Perjury the Senior wrought,
 And whom you could not win, you basely bought
 Often to crush your gross intended Wrong,
 I've said (tho' these my Arms excel my Tongue.)

None but a Witch 'gainst wedded Love conspires,
 Or tempts the softer Sex to wanton Fires;
Elis and *Sparta's* lofty Domes display,
 A thousand Nymphs the Rivals of the Day;
 There you may rove and wed, whoe'er you chose,
 What Parents can the Rich and Brave refuse?
 Forbear our Loves, enough remain besides,
 And we will join to find you better Brides;
 Thus oft I spoke, but spoke it to the Wind,
 Your vicious Souls to looser Paths inclin'd;
 Yet as Relations now we come to treat,
 Restore our Brides the rest we will forget;
 But if still prone to War, averse to good,
 Your lustful Fury must be quench'd in Blood,
 Let *Pollux* and let *Idas* move aside,
 Let me and *Castor* the Dispute decide;
 Let you and I in single Combat close,
 And try whose Arm the keenest Lover shews;
 One is sufficient to indulge the Call,
 Of rigid Honor, and enough to fall;
 Let some survive the lovely Maids to wed,
 And prop a weeping Parent's drooping Head.

He said and ceas'd, the Heroes all agree,
 And the great Thund'rer seal'd the firm Decree.

Their

Their cumb'rous Arms th' exclud'g Warriors lay,
On that soft Grass and wait the impending Fray.

First in the Lifts th' *Apharean* Hero rear'd
His mighty Shield, his brandish'd Jav'ling glar'd
When *Castor* came; thick Plumage shades their
Brows,

And Ribs of Brass their manly Breasts inclose;
First with their Spears the dauntless Heroes sound,
Each clatt'ring Shield to force the mortal Wound,
The faithful Shields the blunted Spears repell'd,
And still secure the glowing Champions held;
Then flew each Sword, like Lightning shone the
Blade,

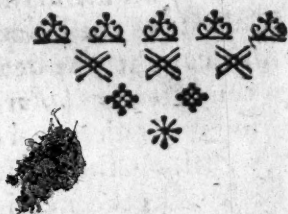
E'er the swift Thunder rives the flow'ry glade;
With high-wrought Fury, gen'rous *Castor* prest,
Bow'd down his Shield, and lopt his gaudy Crest,
Nor less inflam'd the Sharp-eyed *Lynteus* struck,
Proud *Castor*'s Helm the rattling Armor shook;
But *Castor* rising with a gloomy Frown,
Smote his rough Wrist, the Arm drops usefess
down;

Disabled thus, th' unhappy Chief resign'd,
To flight's quick Terrors all his manly Mind;
Swift to the Tomb, swift as the Winds he flew,
Where mournful *Idas* caught the deadly View;
With swifter Steps remorseless *Castor* prest,
And plung'd the shining Faulchion in his Breast;
His bursting Entrails gushing thro' the Wound,
Cover the Plain, he knocks the shaking Ground;
Death's cruel Pangs his throbbing Heart surprize,
And Iron Slumbers seal his swimming Eyes;
Nor did a tender Parent's softer Power,
Lead gallant *Idas* to the nuptial Bow'r;

Furious as from the Tomb a Pile he tore,
 To hurl on him, who shed his Brother's Gore:
 Th' Almighty Father launch'd his flaming Brands,
 He fell and perish'd by immortal Hands.

Thus must the glorious Twins controul the
 Field,
 Aided by him whose Arms the Thunder wield;
 All Hail! bright Champions of th' ætherial
 Throng,

O fire my Muse, and raise this humble Song;
 Your Sister's Charms, immortal Homer crown'd,
 Wide o'er the Globe his pompous Strains resound;
 With Rage divine *Archilles* conquers Kings,
 With equal Rage the God-like Poet sings;
 My lowly Muse an humbler Tribute pays,
 Scarce half inspir'd, and smit by feeble Rays;
 With all my Strength, I dare the noble flight,
 But my weak Wings refuse the dazzling Night;
 And to the Stars let useless Treasures grow,
 Verse is the greatest Gift we can bestow.





MISCELLANIES.



MISCELLANIES.

 MISCELLANIES.
 ON OUR LATE REJOICINGS
 FOR THE
 KING OF PRUSSIA'S VICTORIES.

WHILE mighty *Frederick's* Superior Soul,
 Shapes her bright Course to Fames trium-
 phant Goal,
 Shall Britain's slothful Sons inactive gaze?
 Nor dare to emulate the worthy Praise.

For Shame, arise, cast off this fatal Sleep,
 Point your swift Thunders o'er the raging Deep;
 'Till East and West your ancient Empire own,
 And you proud Tyrant totters on his Throne;
 Till blunted falls, Ambition's deadly Dart,
 And *British* Triumphs swell each *British* Heart.

 ON DUELLING.

THE greatest Cowards will the soonest Fight,
 How canst thou Friend prove this assertion
 right?
 'Tis very easy, with your Leave;
 Shame, Kicks and Jibes, the genuine Coward dares,
 And nobly Scorns these vulgar Fears,
 That fill the Just and Brave.

On

On Miss L—— leaving Town, 1755.

AS when from *Greenland's* Shore the Sun
retires,
And bears to happier Climes his genial Fires ;
The wretched Natives mourn his absent Ray,
And sigh the melancholy Hours away.

So from the Town when soft *Celinda* flew,
Despair took Place, and Mirth and Joy withdrew,
Such Angel sweetness glow'd in ev'ry Line,
As spoke her Form not human, but Divine ;
Such melting Flashes lighten'd in her Eye,
'Twas but to look, and you were sure to die :
'Those Eyes that fir'd the young, and warm'd the
old,

Shone mild on Modesty, yet aw'd the Bold,
Where all the Loves and tender Graces sport,
And smiling Cupid holds his am'rous Court ;
Regardless now of Balls and Serenades,
Explore the flow'ry Fields and rural Shades ;
In that bright Form such easy Virtues mix,
As conquer ev'n the Envy of her Sex ;
Celinda's Life, the hoary Prude commends,
And stranger still, *Coquetta* well befriends,
While that fair Face the Reverend Pastor fires,
And mighty Warriors, and gentle Squires ;
With equal Ardour, all support her Throne,
And mortal Foes concur in this alone ;
Ah ! quick return, dispel this cloud of Night,
And cheer each Heart with Beauty's radiant
Light.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM to Mrs. C——.

CONTRIV'D by Heaven to soften human care,
 Unmatch'd yourself you recommend the Fair;
 No Joy on Earth, our first great Parent knew,
 'Till you appear'd, and pour'd Love's balmy Dew.

To Messrs. B——.

BEHOLD a Pair of stout laborious Fellows,
 Oit us'd by Jove, as Pagan Writers tell us,
 Lowly in Rags, they batter Girls obscene,
 Lofty in royal Ermine. lash the Queen:
 O had I those, great *Platoe's* Master said,
Xantippe wou'd be kind and go to Bed.

On



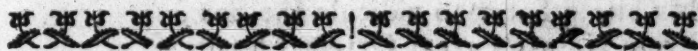
ON the DEATH of CICERO.

AND must my *Tully* thus ignobly fall,
 By ruffian Hands, at black ambition's Call!
 Shall those rich Streams reward the Villian's
 Art,
 These noble Streams that fed his precious Heart;
 That heavenly Tongue, that every Foe subdued,
 Those Angel Lips in Nectar thrice imbued;
 That Rev'rend Visage worn with Age and Woe,
 Where radiant Truth, and white rob'd Freedom
 glow,
 That Hand still rais'd to succour the Distrest,
 And turn the Dagger from the Orphan's Breast;
 Can't these alas! protect thy sacred Head,
 Arrest the Sword, and smite the Ruffian dead;
 Ah *Rome* ungrateful, when seditious Fires,
 Involv'd your Senate, Streets, and sacred Spires;
 His saving Spirit chas'd the Pest away,
 And shed diffusive Freedom's glorious Ray;
 Had he surviv'd, thou never had'st obeyed,
 Nor *Anthony* destroyed, nor *Cæsar* sway'd.
 These savage Fiends, thy shatter'd State who
 tore,
 And stain'd the Forum in Patrician Gore;
 Ev'n Tyrant *Julius* that sweet Voice suppress'd,
 And pour'd the Balm of Pity in his Breast,

Or see him blest with every softer Pow'r,
 To wake the Heart, and cheer the social Hour;
 When Wit with Virtue, Love with Nature blends,
 The first of Fathers, Husbands, Brothers, Friends,
 My

My Spirit melts—Oh greatest, best of Men,
 Forgive—the trickling Tears, confound my Pen.

May Demogorgon, Hell's blue Tortures blow,
 And search her lowest Magazines of Woe;
 May yawning Fiends the haggard Wretch receive,
 And flaming Seas of boiling Sulphur lave;
 O'er his curst Shade, may grinning Demons prowl,
 And fire-ey'd Furies sting his canker'd Soul,
 Whose poison'd Dagger aim'd the impious Blow,
 And murder'd the Divinity below.



The W I S H.

THEY tell of Angels and immortal Joys,
 Seraphic Love and Bliss that never cloy,
 Grant me cælestial Pow'rs the humbler Lot,
 On soft Celinda's Breast to lye,
 Dissolv'd, entranc'd in Extacy.
 (I ask no more) unheeded and forgot,
 O let me strain her in these ardent Arms,
 And wander o'er that wilderness of Charms,
 While to your Shrines dissembling thousands throng
 With common Place and Sanctity,
 Affected Zeal and Charity,
 And the long Train of Psalmody and Song.
 Then if you'll strike me dead upon a Kiss,
 And snatch a Lover from the glowing Bliss;
 I'll boldly range thro' each ambrosial Bow'r,
 And challenge ev'ry Pow'r I see,
 To equal mortal Extacy,
 If more than mine, I'll tremble and adore.

F

To



To Mrs. BLENNERHASSET.

With the Dramatick WORKS of DRYDEN.

BLEST with each Art, and ev'ry power to
 Please,
 Receive the Bard who charm'd in former Days;
 His practis'd Muse shews love consuming Fires,
 And paints that Passion the bright Form inspires,
 No vulgar Jest in those soft Numbers mix,
 No biting Sneer to ridicule the Sex;
 From Nature's great Original he drew,
 Those radiant Graces that survive in you.
 In tender Strains his melting Verses flow,
 And idoliz'd those Charms that caus'd his Woe,
 As the brave Leader overthrown in Fight,
 Yields just Applause, and owns the Victor's might,
 Peruse the Bard, his pleasing Paths pursue,
 Imperial Beauties, sov'reign Triumphs view;
 To Love's bright Queen, how mighty King's
 submit,
 And haughty Warriors fall beneath her Feet.

O could my Muse boast *Waller's* Airs divine,
Spencer's Sweet Note, or *Lansdown's* flowing
 Line;

To endless Time thy lovely Name should live,
 And latest Ages loud Applauses give;
 Yet soft, as fair, this humble Verse receive,
 From one untaught, unpractis'd to deceive;
 While pond'rous *Coke* confounds that lively brain,
 Long us'd to *Poese* and *Shakespeare's* lofty Strain.

May

May guardian Angels that bright Form defend,
 From ev'ry Care, and evermore attend;
 May each swift Hour succeeding Raptures bring,
 And Time proceed on Pleasure's balmy Wing;
 May ev'ry Transport crown thy close of Life,
 The fairest Mistress and the truest Wife;
 Which still shall charm whatever Fate attend,
 Thy faithful Servant, and sincerest Friend.



To the Author of a BOOK call'd

The BUCK's VADE MECUM,

A PINDARIC.*

WHETHER or Clerk, or Ensign writ,
 This shameful Trash, a Foe to Wit;
 And then inscrib'd it to the Bucks,
 May he be damn'd to Mange and P—x:
 May he consume with Scabs and Lice,
 Of rotten Eggs encrease the Price,
 Enthron'd on Pillory, or couch'd in Stocks,
 May he at Public Bog-house stand,
 Where Porters do frequent,
 And there supply with ready Hand,
 *Fill all his Stock be spent.
 Then shall the World thus far get free,
 Of fulsome Lewdness and Stupidity,

On

* See Preface to West's Pindar,

.F 2



On the DEATH of the
Famous SURGEON GOULD.

YE Bucks beware, shun *Venus'* fatal Fires,
For saving *Mercury* with *Gould* expires.



E P I G R A M.

On the ELOPEMENT of
Miss HUNTER with Lord PEMBROKE,
In MARCH, 1762.

WITH *Angelo*, Pembroke had taken some
Pains,
To keep a good Seat, and manage his Reins;
Yet to Ride this young *Hunter* he found it a
Hardship,
For she swallow'd the *Bit*, and run off with his
Lordship.





A N

E S S A Y.

PERI MASTROPEIAS.

T O

Mr. THOMAS BARRET,

O F C O R K.

WITH THE

COMMENTARIES

O F

Mr. W A R B U R T O N,

A N D

Mr. Z A C H A R Y G R E Y,

Late Editor of HUDIBRAS, &c.

— *Ardens rigida tentigine vulvæ.* Juv.



E. S. A. Y.

WEST HASTINGS

Mr. Thomas Barnett

OF CORK

WITH THE

COMMERCIAL

MR. W. A. BURTON

AND

MR. NICHOLAS G. G.

MR. EDWARD H. HUBBARD

MR. J. H. HUBBARD



A N
E S S A Y.
P E R I M A S T R O P E I A S :

T O
M R. THOMAS BARRET, of CORK,
WITH COMMENTARIES, &c.

I'VE wonder'd oft why Ladies are aſham'd,
To hear the Plant, or its Dependant's nam'd;
When they Themſelves, however great they be,
Derive Exiſtence from that ſacred Tree:
That ſacred Tree conducted by your Hand,
Sheds it's ſoft S—d and Triumphs o'er the Land,
Feeds the coy Virgin's languiſhing Deſire,
Bathes her ſweet Soul, and quenches ev'ry Fire.

Jove in all Creatures plants the Love of Blifs,
And Men's frail Views, all terminate in this;
The plodding Statesman feels a gloomy Joy,
When Bribes confound, and under Fiends de-
ſtroy;
The well bred Rabble doat on Stars and Strings,
On plunder Thieves, on adulation Kings.
The wedded Miſer impotent and Old,
Forgets his Wife and lives upon his Gold. (1)

His

C O M M E N T A R Y.

(1) That is the bare Sight thereof, GREY.

His Wife ordain'd to answer nobler Ends,
 Secur'd by thee thou first and best of Friends;
 Pity sure points to succour the Distrest,
 He who ne'er blest another, ne'er was blest.
 While you benevolent your Cares employ,
 To lead the sweetest Sex to sweetest Joy;
 Let Envy howl, let Jealousy bewail,
 Let Laws affright and sober Matrons rail;
 Vers'd in your Art, you shun the Warrior's Toil(2)
 And at their Menaces securely smile.

Thus the sly Fox who lurks about the Gate,
 Tempts the soft Pullet with a pleasing Bait;
 Grasp'd in his Fangs, quick to his Den he flies,
 And mocks the raging Peasant's fruitless Cries.

Is there a Maid, whose cruel Friends deny,
 Imploring Nature's great and last Supply;
 Whose swimming Eyes, in floods of Lustre roll,
 And speak the Language of her panting Soul,
 Anxious, her dire vexations to remove,
Barret conducts her to the Seat of Love.

Or shew the Damsel fetter'd to a Fool,
 Unable female Appetites to cool;
 Who Snores and fumbles o'er the tedious Night,
 And never wakes, but to encrease her Spight;
 Whilst

C O M M E N T A R Y.

(2) The Toils of Envy, Jealousy and Law; not
 the Toil of obliging his Friends by any Means..

Semel recte.-----BENTLEIUS Minor. GREY.

Whilst my poor Dove, revolves the pleasant Sin,
 And feels the mortal Woman strong within,
Barret conveys her to that friendly Pow'r,
 Who calms each Wish, and sheds the extatic
 Show'r.

On first Acquaintance, *Tom* with silent Grace,
 Reclines his Head, nor lifts his ample Face;
Ulysses like; he pauses e'er he speaks,
 But when he talks, what Elocution breaks;
 His melting Accents kindle streaming Fires,
 And each fair Bosom heaves with fond Desires.

This noble Art cou'd gentle Knights employ,
 When ruthless *Greece* beleaguer'd hapless *Troy*;
 Then *Pandarus* the blooming *Cressy* led,
 To rampant *Troilus* languishing in Bed;
 Clasp'd in the Folds of Love they spend the Night,
 Dissolv'd in Bliss and gasping thro' Delight.
 Night's trusty Shroud the conscious Lovers veil'd,
 From human Eyes, and ev'ry Blush conceal'd;
 While the kind Pilot, as he listen'd nigh,
 Lick'd his lewd Lips at ev'ry Heart-felt Sigh:

From thence it travell'd to luxurious *Rome*,
 And soon pronounc'd the growling Husband's doom;
 There with the Crown, and Triumph's splendid
 Show,

It sat victorious on the Warrior's Brow.
 Thus he whose Fame remotest Ages sound;
 With this and Laurel equally was crown'd;
 The jovial Leader with an equal Mind,
 Bore the tall Branch, and stretch'd it o'er Man-
 kind.

Brave

Brave *Cato's* Sister, chosen from the rest,
 The trembling Couch beneath the Hero prest;
 Cou'd he unlucky, dream in that soft Hour,
 When thro' her Veins he shot the servid Show'r;
 From thence a stubborn Boy should rise to quell,
 His mighty Soul, and plunge him down to Hell?
Britannia next, the pleasing Art possest,
Britannia hails the glad and welcome Guest;
 Thro' all obsequious *London's* gilded Spires,
 The tender Science spreads it's genial Fires;
 Wives, Matrons, Widows, Maidens in Despair,
 Obey'd the Call, and banish'd ev'ry Care.
 Immortal *Charles*, resign'd his dull Command,
 And grasp'd a thund'ring Weapon in his Hand;
 Pall'd State Affairs, he left his Thieves to Guide,
 And sway'd the *Dame* worth more than Worlds
 beside.

Illustrious *Cleveland* rich in ev'ry Grace,
 The noblest Figure, and the brightest Face;
 Skillful, exhausted Nature to restore,
 And feed the Nerves with ev'ry manly Pow'r.
 The blooming *Dame* had heard of wond'rous things
 Perform'd by this our best—our King of Kings:
 Of inexperienc'd Maids to Pieces tore,
 And ev'ry *Palace* stained with noble Gore:
 Of sprightliest *Damies*, so wrench'd, so maul'd, so
 cloy'd,
 They scream'd aloud, and wish'd they ne'er enjoy'd.
 The brave Heroine searches ev'ry Part,
 Explores her Person, and consults her Heart:
 In her fair Bosom, Fear and Passion roll,
 While thus she questions her unconquer'd Soul,

“ Can

- " Can mortal Being with a single Tool,
 " The ample Circle of Britannia rule?
 " Heav'ns! can't a Birth Night Ball at least afford
 " One rough good Shield, to blunt this dev'lish
 Sword?
 " Mine cou'd I'm sure a moderate Effort stand,
 " Nor is our *Castlemain* a vulgar Hand;
 " Yet the first Night, I stood without a shriek,
 " What other Nymphs wou'd murmur at a week.
 " What tho' our Prince exceeds the race of Man,
 " By half, or e'en perhaps a total Span?
 " To Try his matchless Prowess I require,
 " My Body's noble, and my Soul is Fire."

Intrepid *Charles* the proud Defiance heard,
 And smil'd with transport, when he found she dar'd;
 " Ods-fish my *Killegrew* (3) I'll teach this Lafs,
 " The difference 'twixt a Prince and wedded As:
 " In haste, in haste, command her to be led,
 " And soft repose her on the crimson Bed."

Thy worthy Predecessor heretofore (4)
 Conducts the panting Fair, and shuts the Door.

You

C O M M E N T A R Y.

(3) Killgrew was P---p to Charles II. Four
 Lines often our Author, by an Apostrophe, address-
 eth to Mr. Barret.

WARBURTON.

Joe Miller relates sundry of Killgrew's Jests,
 who is indeed a very pretty Author.

GREY.

(4) Here is a gross tautology, which the Reader
 must see.

WARB.

Mentiris impudentissime.

BENT. Minor.

Recte dixit noster nepos; quia hæc nil aliter quam
 canosa Felicitas & sic scripsit Maro Oculis vidi, &c.

BENT. Magnus.

You sacred Muses, blooming, bright and young,
 Who charm'd my *Buckingham's* melodious tongue;
 Goad my dull Nerves, my flagging Powers impel,
 Of this fierce trembling, breathless Fight to tell.

Full on the Couch, the expecting Angel lay,
 And from her Eye-Balls flash'd a living Ray:
 White Robes of Lawn her taper Limbs inclose,
 No Stays controul her Bosom's ardent throws:
 Her Breath was servid as the Breeze that roves,
 O'er Indian Meadows, or Arabian Groves;
 Down her fair Neck the golden Tresses flow;
 And in her cheek redoubled Blushes glow.

Thus eager *Charles* the blooming Foe beheld,
 And plung'd triumphant in the glorious Field;
 His mighty Sword he brandishes on high,
 And strikes the sinking Fair above the Thigh.
 Sure fell the Thrust, the Point was aim'd so well
 It pierced her ———, and enter'd to the Shell;
 The throbbing Hero rising at each Blow,
 With frequent Stabs insults his panting Foe;

Mean Time the Cyprian Venus from her Bow'r,
 With Tears beheld her Vol'ries panting Pow'r;
 (5) Snatching a Sheath from Vulcan's smoaky
 Board,
 Of wond'rous Power to melt the hardest Sword.
 Swift

C O M M E N T A R Y.

(5) Dignus vindice nodus. Dio Machinas Homerian-
 as nos superasse hanc egregiam fabulam.

BENT. Magnu

Swift to the Wound the magick Gift convey'd,
 It caught and liquified the furious Blade;
 Abash'd, dismay'd, the baffled Monarch stands,
 And owns th' Effect of more than mortal Hands,
 While his fair Foe, her easy Grace resumes,
 Bites her sweet Lips and prunes her ruffled Plumes.

All hail! immortal Prince, the first who bore,
 Extatic Bliss to Britain's drowly Shore;
 While base Fanaticks, *P—*'s detested Crew,
 And baser Atheists shed their pois'nous Dew,
 Blasted each loyal Bosom in its Spring,
 And scorn'd alike their martyr'd God and King.
 Around thy Court let hungry Patriots (1) prowl,
 Historians prate, and purblind *Burnet* (2) scowl.
 G Yet

C O M M E N T A R Y.

(1) A sort of wild Beast, that has in every Age,
 more or less, infested these Kingdoms. *WARB.*

(2) All I can gather of this *Burnet* is, that he
 wrote several Pamphlets, and married three or four
 Wives. *GREY.*

Mr. Grey miserably hallucinates in his Account
 of the above Writer, he was born in North Britain,
 and married a good many Wives, and wrote a good
 many Pamphlets, for one of which he received the
 Thanks of a Petty Jury at Westminster. He also
 wrote a Book of Travels, and a Thing in the
 Nature of a Gazette which he called the History of
 his own Times.

Both with the same Veracity. He had the good
 Fortune to write for two successive and opposite
 Parties, and was made a Bishop by King William.
WAREBURTON.

Yet while soft Virgins roll the languid Eye,
Or melting Lovers waft the epeſting Sigh;
Thy deathleſs Loves ſhall captivate the Soul,
And ſhine the firſt in Fame's triumphant roll.

Th' obſequious Courtiers, theſe keen Joys improv'd,
All by the King's Example liv'd and lov'd.
A loſty Plant intrepid *Willmott* bore, (3)
All worn in Fight, and ſtain'd in pureſt Gore;
With this he baffled ev'ry female Art,
And reach'd the coy'eſt Damsel's beating Heart.

Nor leſs aloſt, loſt *Etheridge* diſplay'd,
In Fields of Love, his thrice redoubted Blade:
A Blade that cou'd with mighty *Dorſet* vie,
And ſtand the Teſt before a female Eye,
This dire Diſpute did interrupt their Blifs,
Friends in all elſe, contending Foes in this.
At length to gentle *Cuffley* they Appeal (4)
The abler Man's pre-eminence to Seal.
On Sunday Night brave *Dorſet* ſhe poſſeſt,
On Monday Eve immortal *Eth'ridge* bleſt.
Exquiſite Damsel whoſe capacious Scene,
Cou'd the ſtaunch Force of two ſuch Chiefs contain.

Eight

C O M M E N T A R Y.

(3) John Willmott, Earl of Rochefter, famous for his Wit and Extravagancies.

(4) The gentle and curious Reader may ſee a deſectable Epistolary Correſpondence on this Subject, between Sir George Etheridge and the Earl of Dorſet, whiſt Lord Buckhurſt. GREY.

Mr. Grey doth unchaſtly to mention the Book he here alludeth to, as it tendeth to a depravity of Manners. WARB.

Eight brawny Bouts triumphant *Dorset* prest,
 Ten fainter Blows from *Eth'ridge*, broke her Rest,
 Nor wou'd the Nymph adjudge the abler he,
 But left the Prize for *Venus* to decree.

To *Ireland* next the balmy Science flew,
 Beneath great *Ross* it flourish'd, throve, and
 grew;

Whose Wit and Plant did equal Measures know,
 And in one copious Stream united flow.

But why should I his manly Prowess tell,
 Which still surviving Dames can witness well;

Wrapt in soft Joys, he lov'd his Life away,
 And laught at Death, ev'n on his final Day (5)

His humbler Friends, their nobler Patron lost,
 Spread o'er the Land, and riss'd all the Coast;

Rafferty fills the immortal Lists of Fame,
 And *Andrew Fegan* was the second Name. (6)

Illustrious Names and memorable long,

If there be force in Science or in Song!

Yet over these, superior *Barret* tow'rs,
 And tries the copious Arts extremest Pow'rs;

Nor

(5) The Earl of Ross, some Hours before his
 Death, received a very severe Remonstrance on his
 past Life and Conduct from a certain Right Revd.
 Prelate. This the good Bishop sent under Cover.
 His Lordship read it over with a Smile, and calling
 for a fresh Cover, inclosed it to a noble Man of
 the strictest Morals and Piety. ANON.

(6) Under the Tropic is our Language spoke,
 And Part of Flanders has received our Yoke.

WALLER.

Nor wedded Dames, nor Damsels soft and young
Can stand the Rhet'rick of his moving Tongue.

Auspicious *Tom*, my constant Guide and Friend,
Still stretch the Craft, to Earth's remotest End.
Oft thro' thy Means I've bath'd my swelling Heart
In floods of Bliss, and eas'd the raging Smart ;
Yet still alas, one Promise more remains,
To crown my Joys, and finish all my Pains :
Oh ! tell her with what raging Fires I glow,
How keen my Anguish, how severe my Woe :
Tune that sweet Tongue, thy Rhetorick employ.
And steal the Fair one to the melting Joy :
These Pangs, nor Absence, Time, or Scorn allays,
So bright her Beauty, and so fierce my Blaze ;
Not Heaven's dread Light'nings dart a keener

Ray,

When Clouds obscure, and Tempests shroud the
Day,

Tell her I burn, to fold her in this Breast,
Clasp'd in my Arms, and all supremely blest.
By all you love and hate I now Exclaim,

(7) By *Babe's* sweet Face, and *Callaban's* dread
Name ;

Grav'd

C O M M E N T A R Y .

(7) The Ancients evok'd the Heroes by the two
Things they principally lov'd and detested, as the
most potent of all Charms. The common Reader
I am sensible, will be always more solicitous about
the Name of this Lady, and every other trifling
Circumstance, than for the Explanation of our Au-
thor's Sense, or the illustration of his Poetry, even
where it is most Moral and Sublime ; but had it been
his Purpose to indulge so impertinent a Curiosity
he had sought elsewhere a Commentator on his
Writings. **WARBURTON.**

Grav'd in my Heart thy Image shall remain,
 And Kings shou'd strive to pluck it out in vain.
 Succeed in this, this last, and dear Request,
 And ever, ever Rule me for the Rest :
 So may thy Name on Fame's last record Shine,
 The gen'rous, friendly, constant and divine ;
 The pleasing Theme, contending Wits employ,
 And rival gentle *Pandarus* of Troy. (8)

C O M M E N T A R Y.

(8) This *Pandarus* was a Trojan, or Grecian, I
 can't well charge my Memory which, when King
Priamus was shut up in the noble Town of Troy by
 the Grecians, who after burnt it by means of a
 wooden Cow.

I could tell a Thousand pleasant Stories of him,
 but that the same are already in my *Hudibras*, which
 I heartily recommend to the Reader. GREY.

Error Gravissimus. Equitem lignem hunc scripsit
Maro. Ann. 2. Et sic lege (Correctione scrib lexiano
 repugnante) meo periculo. BENT. Magnus.

THE

THE



T H E

F A R E W E L L.



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

THE

FAREWELL

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX



T H E

F A R E W E L L,

YE gentle Virgins, set your Hearts at ease,
 No more the Town's disturb'd with riotous
Hayes;

No more in Barrack street his Sword he draws,
 Nor murders Horses, nor bravades the Laws;
 No more inspir'd with 'Rack, he scours the
 Streets,

To sweat and play the Dev'l with all he meets;
 No more the Windows clink with clatt'ring Stones,
 Nor dying Pigs emit untimely Groans;

The peaceful Street, no more with clamour Rings,
 Nor nightly Fiddlers ply their sounding Strings:

No more with Phrase obscene, the Drum he fills,
 Nor troubles *Tom*, for Bolus, Stupes or Pills;

The Blade reform'd, now leads a sober Life,
 Almost as grave—as fetter'd to a Wife,

No more *Chamont*, or gay *Lothario* treads,
 The crouded Stage, while murm'ring Malice
 spreads;

Coquette Whispers,—mark his Impudence,

And *Stella* answers—'tis his Want of Sense;

Observe his boist'rous Action, says a Third,

A Fourth replies “ he murders ev'ry Word,”

Then grins the Lawyer brisk, or pert Divine,

Psha! *Sheridan* he apes in every Line:

Thanks

Thanks to my Stars, at length the Curtain falls,
 And the sad Crowd forsake Theatrick Walls ;
 Th' officious Gallant, with assiduous Care,
 Seats the bright Damsel in th' expecting Chair ;
 Th' industrious Maidens, when arriv'd at home,
 Ply Gums and Washes, Paste and leaden Comb ;
 Peruse the flatt'ring Glas with fond Delight,
 And pleas'd, revolve the Conquests of the Night.

The Townsman grave, to Porter-house repairs,
 Regales on toasted Cheese, and drowns his Cares ;
 There as he doses, if a Pig but stirs,
 Distress'd with Gripes or lug'd by worrying Curs,
 Oh ! Landlord ! Landlord !—with Fear he roars,
 Here comes mad *Hayes* ; bar Windows, bolt the
 Doors.

Is there a Captain, a bold tearing Blade,
 Who treats his Mistress with a Serenade ;
 To prove his Strength, then wrenches Cellar
 Doors.

Beats up a Kip, and Horfewhips ragged Whores,
 Or puny Ensign flust'd with Punch or Beer,
 Who Struts and Starves on Forty Pounds a Year ;
 If on a Sunday Night he wages War,
 With 'Prentice Boys, and bilks an Ale-house Bar ;
 The charitab'e People all agree,
 To heap these grand, heroic Deeds on *Me* :

Nay, when the Members of the Ring unite,
 At *Mab'met's Head*, and Joy consumes the Night ;
 When right *Barbadoes* opens every Soul,
 And Grief and Care lie buried in the Bowl ;
 Shou'd these choice Spirits form a jovial Freak,
 To scour *Flag-Lane*, and all its Windows break ;
 The

The shiv'ring Bully, thus accosts the Bawd.
 Death! Hell! and Fire! here's drunken *Hayes*
 abroad;

In vain he swears and proves himself in Bed,
 Whatever's done, falls heavy on his Head;
 'Th' Informant swears, he saw him pass that way,
 Enough—the Bills are found,—he's sure to pay.

This for the Night, but when the Morning's
 Ray,
 O'er Heav'n's wide expanse pours diffusive Day:
 The Chimney-Sweeper bawls with Voice so shrill,
 Plump, Tripe-fed Butchers swallow red-hot Jill,
 The anxious Merchant mumbles o'er the News,
 And greasy Striplings roar,—japan your Shoes,
 The yawning Rake, damns drink, and calls for
 Whey,
 The Clock strikes Ten, and Ladies go to Tea.

With due Distinction, see each Matron sit,
 Each titt'ring Girl so fond to shew her Wit;
 Her glib Tongue runs for ever, right or wrong,
 On Balls or Plays, on Hoyson or Souchong;
 Well vers'd in Cambricks, Laces, Ribbons, Gauze,
 Can trace in China Cups minutest Flaws;
 Decypher Songs, and Billet-doux or Plays,
 At Cribbage crib, and rail at wretched *Hayes*;

Oh! the vile Wretch (disdainfully she cries,)
 Compos'd of Nonsense, Impudence and Lies;
 With nasty Rakes he spends the Evening long,
 Nor wou'd he give one Farthing for a Song;
 He dips in Plays indeed, but scorns Romance,
 Despises Tea, and never learn'd to Dance;

All

All Day the filthy Tavern's his Delight,
The Lord above knows where he spends the
Night;

Not so the Captain, how compleat,—genteel,
How elegantly dress'd from Head to Heel;
With what obsequious Complaisance he bows,
What rapt'rous Whispers waft his tender Vows;
How sweet his Gloves, his Hair how neatly dress'd,
Reverse in all, of that rude, ugly Beast;
Indeed, indeed, the rev'rend Matron says,
'Tis Hemp alone, will end that Youngster's Days;
Ay, or Mamma, (says Miss) if that won't do;
'They say he'll Fight—why don't they run him
thro'.

Go on kind Creatures, urg'd by Spleen or
Whim,
In honest Faith, its all the same to him;
Such Magpie Chatter'ing—hold there, (says a
Friend)

Restrain your Speech, be cautious to Offend;
Wou'd you the fairest Work of Heav'n abuse,
Down, down, and tremble, check your impious
Muse;

Woman to soften all our Cares was giv'n,
'The last, and loveliest Gift of bounteous Heav'n,
All these are Truths, my Friend I can't deny,
No Man e'er sigh'd for Beauty more than I;
But, thanks to Heav'n, the dread of it re-
strains,

The Flames that oft rebel within my Veins;
I've seen a Maid, whose heav'nly Form inspires,
The tend'rest Love, and wakes the purest Fires.

Think

Think not good Sir, these simple Rhimes
 intend,
 To offend the Fair, for no one's more their
 Friend;

As bright *Miranda* led the sprightly Ball,
 She kill'd not only me, but wounded all;
 But wedded now, she charms my Eyes no more,
 And Friendship is, what Passion was before;
 When *Fanny's* Beauty strikes the ravish'd
 Sense,

Alas! 'tis but her second Excellence;
 In each arch Smile, ten Thousand Cupids lie,
 Glow on her Lips, and warm th' expressive Eye;
 She rules the Heart, with unaffected Sway,
 Gracefully Easy, negligently Gay;
 Wit's piercing Beams adorn her copious Mind,
 With gentlest Manners, polish'd, and refin'd;
 Let other Maids abroad for Pleasure roam,
 The gentle Creature always is at home.

You see my Friends, I praise as well as bite,
 And still adhere to Truth in all I write;
 Where Merit is, it challenges Applause,
 And all the World to willing Bondage draws.

Then says my Friend, come leave this idle
 Life,
 Reform, reform betimes, and take a Wife;
 While thus you live, you'd squander *Gardner's*
 Pelf,

And in the main, hurt no one but yourself:
 How will it glad your Spouse, and you to see,
 The little Infants hanging on your Knee;

H

"Marry"

"Marry" "Reform"—no more, for in a thrice,
It thrills my Soul, congeals my Blood to Ice;
That old, religious, Weather beaten Gin,
T' in veigle Squires, and desp'rate Blockheads in,
I was not moulded for domestic Cares.

T' obey a Wife, or foster dubious Heirs :
I can enjoy my Friend, and Flask at ease;
Go where I will, and keep what Hours I please;
"Marriage," not Foes above, or Fiends below,
E'er heap'd on Man such everlasting Woe ;
Allow your Bride an Angel's Face compleat,
Fair as the Morn, as new blown Roses sweet ;
Oh ! Heav'n's what Eyes, what Lips, but just
Eighteen,

Excelling *Coventry* in Shape and Mien ;
"Blasted be Time, what, never bring the Night ?
At length it comes, indulge the Appetite,
Clasp the dear Creature in your warm embrace,
Catch her quick Sighs, and rife every Grace ;
What melting Flashes lighten in her Eyes,
She pants for Breath, she yields, she faints and
dies ;

Again the wakes, again your Joys renew,
Nine Times you bath in Love's prolific Dew ;
At last, for none were e'er completely blest,
You press a parting Kiss, and sink to Rest ;
But when you wake, what dismal Forms arise,
No more her Beauty charms your wand'ring Eyes ;
No more the Object of your Vows and Fears,
But Morn and cold Indifference appears ;
By full Possession surfeited and cloy'd,
All Men despise the Pleasures they enjoy'd.

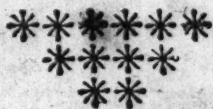
In vain you chink th' irrevocable Chain,
 And sigh for heav'nly Liberty in vain;
 The budding Horns already grace your Head,
 And gaping Infants seem to squall for Bread.

Oh! may that Monk in endless Torments dwell,
 Wrapt in blue Flames, and chain'd in deepest
 Hell;

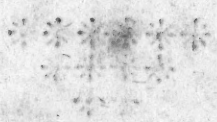
A Miscreant curs'd, whose innovating Brain,
 Devis'd and form'd the matrimonial Chain;
 That galling Chain which hinders us to rove,
 O'er the blest Wilds, and charming wastes of
 Love;

The Girls wou'd else begin the pleasing Fight,
 And sweet Variety transport each Night;
 It's native Hell shou'd burn each Marriage Deed,
 And Earth be *Mab'met's* Paradise indeed.

But, since alas! these Blessings are deny'd,
 And Man is doom'd a Slave to female Pride;
 Grant ye, who Rule the blissful Pow'rs above,
 Plump God of *Wine*, bright *Venus*, lusty *Jove*;
 That these three Blessing may my Life attend,
 A willing *Lafs*, a *Bottle* and a *Friend*.



It said you could be a noble Christian,
And yet for nearly thirty years,
The Sunday School was your school,
The Gospel of Jesus was your goal.
Oh! may the Master of the Universe
Wrap in His arms, and cherish in His love,
His
A different world, whole nations
Dreaded from the marriage of
That gall of death which kindred
Get the best, and shining water of
The Gift would be the blessing
And sweet Voice that portends
It's native Hell should be the
And earth be this, the Paradise of
But, these also, these blessings
And Man's love, a slave to
Great ye, who have the
Pledge of God's love, the
This is the time, this is the
A willing boy, a brave and a
A willing boy, a brave and a



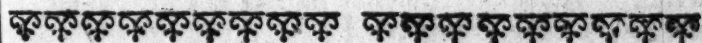
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THE
A U T H O R S.

Nullius addictus Jurare in verba Magistri.

N. B. This Poem is printed from the
London Edition, which sold for *Three
British Sixpences.*



THE

AUTHOR'S

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T H E

A U T H O R S.

STUNN'D with the Din of never-ceasing Jars,
'Bout *Wilkes* and *Kidgell*, and th' opprobrious
Wars,

'Twixt pension'd Rogues and disappointed Knaves,
Promoted Vassals and rejected Slaves,
The hungry Yelp of empty Phamphleteers,
And all the cloying Stuff of Gazeteers,
Where *Cato* bleeds a-fresh with broken Nose,
From Ale-house Broils, and *Brutus* wipes old
Shoes; (1)

Fatigu'd and mortify'd, in haste I fled,
And fought in Sleep to rest my aching Head.
In vain: the monstrous Medley of the Day,
Still rack'd my Brain, and drove wisht Sleep
away;

Where e'er I turn'd, some Vice or Folly rose,
In shapes of Scriblers, Critics, Wits and Beaus;
'Till near the Morn, with drowzy Virtue fraught
A Sheet of *Lockman* lull'd each restless Thought.

When lo! a sylvan Scene its Charms disclos'd,
Of Myrtle, Palm, and spreading Beech compos'd,
Tall

(1) It is a common Practice with the Scriblers in
the daily Papers to sign their wretched Productions
with the Names of these illustrious Romans.

Tall Tufts of Cypress form'd sequester'd Shades,
 And speckl'd Woodbine chequer'd opening
 Glades,

And th' amorous Vine her blushing Beauties rears,
 And the sweet Myrrh weeps aromatic Tears,
 And every Gale the balmy Tribute brings
 Of Latian Summers and Arabian Springs;
 Heav'n blest the Spot with such a lavish Hand
 It seem'd Elysium all, or Fairy Land.
 Full in the midst of this enchanting Wood,
 Rais'd of pure Turf a verdant Altar stood;
 Untouch'd, uninjur'd by the Rites obscene
 Of juggling Priests and Sacrifice unclean;
 Ten thousand Florets shed their Odours round,
 A laurel Bow'r the lovely Summit crown'd;
 Apollo's Throne: no gilded Spires arose,
 For Gold and Poetry are antient Foes;
 No Marble Dome a splendid Roof supports,
 Bards are scarce ever seen at such fine Courts;
 But simple Majesty and Ease express
 The Power of Nature in her bridal Dress,
 Fair in the front before the piercing Eye,
 Of him whose Beams illuminate the Sky;
 High on a Pillar of translucent Flame,
 Unhurt, unstain'd, eternally the same;
 Hung the green Wreath, that primitive Reward
 Which Heav'n ordain'd to crown th' immortal
 Bard;

On either Side a Vista oped to Sight,
 This to the left, and that one to the right;
 But steep th' Ascent and dangerous the Way,
 For Thorns, and Rooks, and Briars in rugged
 Order lay.

And

And now the Power whose Breath alone be-
stows

'The gift of Song, in Pomp serene arose;
Youthful his Mien; but in that Youth we saw,
A sweet Severity commanding Awe;
Varied his Tone, yet regularly clear,
It sway'd the Judgement, while it charm'd the Ear,
Around he look'd, and th' awful Silence broke
The lovely Landscape brighten'd as he spoke.

" You Men! whom sacred Lust of Fame,
impels.

To Pindus' Shades, and Helicon's pure Wells,
Who thro' all Dangers arduously aspire,
With hallow'd Hands to touch this envied Lyre,
Could you, alas! in youth's gay Morn survey,
What desperate Toils to pass e'er prime of Day,
How few, how very few in happier Hour,
Have Fate and I decreed to share this Bow'r,
The hopeless View would mar your empty
Schemes.

Divert your better Thoughts to mortal Themes,
To moderate Arts, your moderate Parts apply,
And crush all dazling Hopes to reach the Sky.
But since alas! the hardest Task below,
For Earth's vain Children, is themselves to know;
Without reserve, our generous Pity falls
On those fond Men, who *think* they hear our
calls;

And chiefly Britons; who debauch'd with ease,
Assume to think and write whate'er they please,
(For still *Germania*, *Metastasio* sways,
And humble *France* her keen *Voltaire* obeys.

To

To fritter'd *Airs* the dwindled *Romans* creep,
 And *Spain* enjoys her long paternal Sleep)
 But this rough Island, to contention bred,
 Roars down all Merit 'till the Bard's been dead,
 Some hundred Years; throughout this monstrous
 Town,

How many Mongrils bark'd at *Dryden's* Crown;
 Nay, oft on me they charge their Grievs and
 Wrongs,

Nor Heav'n itself can Shield me from their
 Tongues;

But once for all you candidates for Fame,
 Now shew your Proofs and justify the Claim.

He said and sat; strait on the left appear'd,
 A shouting, sneering, low, seditious Herd;
 In foreign Fringes, Dowls, Lace, and Rags,
 In Cassocks, Bar-gowns, Night-caps, Bobs and
 Bags,

To reach his Throne they kick, they scream, they
 strain,

Thick as small *Templars* press to *Drury-lane*;
 Thick as the Pellets wing'd their rapid Flight,
 That swept the Stage on *Macklin's* funeral
 Night (2.)

Churchill, stern Chief, his boist'rous Claim
 exprest;

A Blood-shot Eye last Night's Debauch confest:
 This Prize is mine, who attempt it are my Foes,
 Not *Maggs* himself dare touch it for his Nose;

Joe

(2) Remember gentle Reader (if thou canst) the
 Exit of a Stage-play, entitled *THE MARRIED
 LIBERTINE*.

Joe Maggs and I had once a Bout in Jest;
At Borough-fair — You Puff here tell the Rest;
And hark, your Worship, tho' I wrote no Songs,
Like Gray I beat him hollow in staunch Lungs;
For who but I forc'd Skittle-grounds to roar
At lusty Verse, and brought Clare-market o'er?
I drove your Trade where never scrole was
read.

Save Bills for Pork and Pease, Small-beer and Bread.

Durst Gray stand jag at Shadwell, or Dock-head?

Yet there *my* Rumbings charm'd, or if they
miss'd

I urged the stronger Argument of Fift;
For *Wilkes* and you I've freely risk'd this Pate,
With tawny Carpenter, or Boatswain's Mate;
How oft—But hold—My Foes in spite of Grudge
Allow me to *describe*: now hear and judge.

How oft have I in Bawdry's suburb Den,
Where stood a Jade t' inveigle Drunkards in,
Whose grimy Duggs in grimy Clouts enclos'd,
To dirty Scoundrels dirty Scenes expos'd,

Her blue Lips blubber'd with the slaving Greet
Of each foul Vagabond, of each foul Street,
Her Eye discolor'd with nocturnal Blows.

Of sturdy Bilks, and raw her flatten'd Nose,
While far behind her lay the *Butcher's Arms*,
Fit Stall-house for the victim of her Charms

Here in large Characters, the Poker scrawls
The Parts of Generation round the Walls;
Here stood stale Heaps of Cockle-shells, and there
Mundungus chew'd, and half-pots of dead Beer :

Here

Here, in sad State, a hoary Ox-cheek lies,
 Glaz'd with the Spawn of twenty Thousand
 Flies;

The Floor all reek'd with party-color'd spilth,
 Where bankrupt Gluttony gave up her Filth;
 And brawny Lust, inflam'd by noisome Gin;
 With open Nostrils and a bawdy Grin
 Stared wild: and Mutiny rejecting Law,
 Fled from the *Tartar*, clench'd his pitchy Paw;
 And footy Scandal with a yawning stretch
 Belch'd out, and pointed to a naked Breech;
 While, in the last recesses of the Stye,
 Sat growling Blasphemy with haggard Eye:
 How oft have I, in these sequester'd Bow'rs,
 Won all those Parties, and confirm'd them ours?
 'Twas I, 'twas I myself, led those brave Bands,
 To rescue *Forty-five* from th' Hangman's Hands,
 Nay more than all, (for who wou'd not be *free*)
 I quitted my first God to follow thee;
 Damn'd leaden Bibles, and these tramm'ling
 Rules

That scoundrel Bishops would obtrude on Fools,
 (Who wage pretended War for private Ends,
 Else we and honest *Bels*. had long been Friends)
 Then with my Fellow-laborers in Art,
 Dissected Woman, and explain'd each Parr,
 Nobly disdaining either *House* or *Bench*,
 For well I knew your Worship lov'd a Wench;
 Then for these Facts, (the Town can prove them
 true,)

Throw me that Prize, and give the Dev'l his
 Due."

He

He ceas'd: and now a Glutton stept before,
 In furbish'd Cassock—no sly Mask he wore;
 For e'en Hypocrisy disdain'd to grace
 With her smooth Varnish that enormous Face;
 But his blunt Features, never form'd to think,
 Seem'd all intent on Feasts, and Lust, and Drink;
 While Ignorance and Impudence combin'd,
 In equal Portions parcell'd out his Mind;
 At home, a vaunting, proud, important Knave;
 Abroad, a Pandar, Parasite and Slave;
 Sway'd by no Principle but love of Pelf,
 And all his Wishes center'd in himself:
 Ready for Hire to prove it Orthodox
 That *Pist*'s a Traitor, and a Patriot *Fox*;
 But foil'd in's Hopes of Mitre and Lawn-sleeves,
 Proclaims that *Fox* the very worst of Thieves,
 Alike disgraceful to the Church and Stage,
 The Shame and Scandal of a vicious age;
 A Tool to Rascals, and to Wits a Jest,
 Such (mighty Truth!) our Parson stood confess't.

Sore frown'd the God: when *Whitehead* (who
 crept in,
 While *Churchill*'s Breech was turn'd) with sim-
 pering Grin;
 Perfum'd Handkerchief and sneaking Bow,
 Hem'd thrice, and whisper'd, you shall hear as
 how:
 "So please my *Lard*! I'm perfectly well read
 In all French Books, and was at *Cambridge*
 bred;
 No naughty Thoughts pollute my gentle Breast,
 Nor have those Eyes behold a Nymph undrest.

Soft are my Strains, | Soft as the cooling Breeze
 That fans the flow'ry Vale and verdant Trees;
 In Prose, or Verse, I'm simple as a Child,
 My Plays are pointless, and my Odes are mild;
 Wit I excluded as unnatural Glee,
 (At least 'tis quite unnatural to me)
 But musing o'er my Fire, and Capillaire,
 I prun'd my Stanza's trim and ~~unbound~~ *unbound*;
 With Tyber Water always made my Tea,
 O'er the Appian Causeway jaunted twice a Day;
 Mecenas' Praises ever on my Tongue,
 Each Morn and Eve I to my Pupil sung,
 Shew'd him at large, what mighty great Rewards
 Attended those, who fee'd us glorious Bards.
 That we alone cou'd pay six-score per-Cent:
 Pray the auspicious Skies he took the Hint!
 Campagna next engag'd my fond (3) Pursuits,
 I saw a Pair of Hannibal's old Boots,
 Ask'd what he Eat and Drank? If ev'r he slept?
 What Bards in pay and Mistresses he kept?
 I ask'd, till e'en the calm Italians chaf't
 Refus'd to answer, and the Vulgar laugh'd.
 From thence I past to hail my *Virgil's* Bones,
 And gaz'd entranc'd on the *perspiring* Stones,
 Whence with a Pray'r I stole a Sacred Sprig,
 And stuck it in the forerop of my Wig,
 Omen of future Bays: which soon I sack,
 His Grace confirm'd, with Pence for Butt of sack;

(3) FOND OR FONDE. Signifieth FOLISH, BRAINLESS, and the lyk. So it hath bin used by the learned Master Achan, preceptor to the Queen's Majesty.

OLD GLOS.

Since when, I deal on Births, and New-year Days
Uncommon Odes; and dith up your French
Plays;

So nice, yet simple, that could rough Corneille
Escape the Tomb, on dearest Fontenelle. (4)

In tasting half a Scene, they must agree

No Age e'er saw a Simpleton like me.

Last, when Seditions shook the laurel'd State,

And ev'ry Bard arraign'd his Brother's Pate,

I, as Chief Justice, charg'd them with their
Crimes,

And *Dadsey* publish'd; nay retouch'd the
Rhimes;—

Yet they ungrateful turn'd the whole to Jest,
Laugh'd loud, and bad me kiss—Oh goests the
Rest!

Inhuman Insolence! But you my *Lord*

I doubt not will redress your Viceroy Bard;

Behold my Badge!———— and shew'd above his
Ears.

A wither'd Wisp, that hid his few grey Hairs.

All laugh'd, and now small *Colman* in the List
Appear'd, an Actor bore him in his Fist;

Much did he shake, and seem'd abash'd and pos'd,
Like felon Mouse in faithless Engine clos'd.—

L 2.

This

(4) If we allow the French Critics to be Judges
of their own Language, our great Laureat has paid
Monsieur Fontenelle a very extraordinary compli-
ment on his SIMPLICITY; for those gentlemen
sharply charge him with having debauched their
Language with affected points and conceits, as
Seneca did the Latin.

This *Genius* from the first amus'd his Pen
 With *petit drolles*, and Burlesquing great Men,
 Assum'd a Patent for discharging Squibs,
 In tiny Farces, and quaint Play-House Fibs;
 Behind the Scenes he always had a sting,
 Tickling She-Players with his little Sting——
 Thro' *James's Chronicle*, you have hear'd him
 squeak

In different voices some three times a Week;
 Now, down your Throat by Car-loads would
 he Cram

Dark hints, shrewd Queries; then by way of
 Dram,

Frisk up your Spirits with an Epigram.
 He held it right to change what'er was old,
 And mingle vilest Lead with purest Gold,
 By every shabby trick and shuffling game
 Base fear cou'd form, or paltry envy frame,
 Strove hard to keep all merit from the Eyes
 Of *Garrick*, Potent Prince:—— or *Murphy* Lies.
 Scarce had he wip'd the Cold-Sweat from his
 Cheek,

Pull'd up his Breeches, and began to Speak;
 ' By me Phil after Bleeds'—— When lo! a Blast
 With *Fletcher's* fiery form before him past,
 Sudden he faints, nor Speech, or Life remains,
 And backward burst his Wind and eke the Grains,
 The poison'd Actor flung him on the Sands,
 And fled in haste to clean his smoking Hands.

But who comes here so prim with tuck'd up
 Gown,
 What is it *Madden*? No, 'tis Doctor *Brown*:
 Audacious,

Audacious, testy, petulant of Tongue,
 Arraigning all, and always in the Wrong;
 Servile as arrogant, more pert than Wife,
 Thro' Bride a Slave, from Art to Art he flies;
 Now, like a true Projector beats his Skull
 For Years, to shew himself in th' End a Fool;
 Takes up his Pen, and *estimates* our Sons,
 Luxurious Knaves and infamous Paltrons;
 But they, uncivil Rogues, the Charge denied
 To Death's grim Face, and prov'd his Reverence
 lied.

Then to the Stage with hobbling Steps he strode,
 And bounc'd and huff'd like any Puppet-god;
 (For he'd some Fire, but then it always broke
 In Vapour, like a Brick-kiln's flashy Smoke.)

Grown tiresome here, and flouted in *Reviews*,
 Where *Franklin* bang'd his Body, Soul and Muse,
 He stopt for Wind: and forming a wise Plot,
 To pay those Fellows with their proper Shot,
 At once charg'd on with Dashes, Slaps and Hits,
 At hungry Thieves! base Scoundrels! bankrupt
 Wits!

'Till thought at length, 'twas contrary to Sense
 To spend his Paper without Praise or Pence,
 He dropt the Fight; and pumping all his Springs,
 Out came an Essay on old Fiddle-Strings;
 He shew'd what Sarabands and to what Tune
 Th' Athenians danc'd three Thousand Years
 ago;

In spite of all Remonstrance headlong walk'd
 The steep to Folly *Arbutnot* had chalk'd,
 And at first View, presented to your Eye
 A new Scriblerus ready cut and dry.

Ask you good Masters, in what Stile he chose
 To urge his claim? 'twas neither Verse or Prose;
 A Sort of *Lingua Franca*, stitch'd and botch'd
 With different Shreds, and flaring Tinsel patch'd;
 And as a Whore, who without asking Leave
 Comes round your Neck, or lugs you by the
 Sleeve;

Boldly he strove to struggle thro' the Band,
 And vow'd to shake Apollo by the Hand,
 He strove; but soon the Rabble haul'd him back,
 With Shouts and Scoffs and many a sturdy
 Thwack;

And *Churchill* hit so hard, and bray'd so strong
 Th' offended Groves and all the welking rung,
 Thro' Spite and Pain, his Reverence loudly
 Wept,
 But swore to tell his Master e'er he slept.

Next, more a Candidate for Pence than Fame,
 In greasy Night-cap worthy *Macklin* came;
 On his hard Jaw sat *Shylock's* genuine Grin,
 Mundungus Juices driv'd down his Chin:
 His right Hand shew'd a blotted Bundle snatch'd;
 From damning Wits, the left his *Podes* scratch'd;
 Of polish'd Words he scorn'd to make a Choice;
 And with his Figure well agreed his Voice,
 "I beg your Honor, as the Times are hard,
 "And dead Vacation, for some small Reward;
 I am a *Genus* all the World's agreed,
 And (tho' *Foot* jokes) at Thirty-five could
 read (5);

Ah

(5) Mr. Foote extended this memorable era to Forty

Ah that damn'd *Foots* has so much Life and Glee;
All laugh *with* him, but; zouns! they laugh *at*
me.

And yet Fr—k D—v—t, that Judge of Wit,
Swore in *Foots's* Absence I could give a Hit,
And *Harry Jones* who knew no sordid View,
Damn'd his *own Soul* to Hell *but* it was true;
“ I hope you'll take Securities like those:”
He said, and twist his Fingers blew his Nose.
Half-smil'd Apollo at the party sinner,
And flung him Half a Crown to get his Dinner.

Fir'd by the splendid Sight the rear Ranks
prest,
Urging in heaps on heaps to get abreast,
A thousand Knaves who know not where to
Dine,
The spur-gall'd Hacks of each dull Magazine;
A thousand Wits, who fear to cross the *Mews*,
The Printers' Curse, and Food of sharp *Reviews*,
A thousand Bards, who Inspiration take
From *Bird-Cage* Walks and *Rosalinda's* Lake.
Ask you their Names? As well recount the Pleas
In Summer-camps, or Maggots in stale Cheese:
They scream, they cuff: till Phœbus on his
stand
Arose, and wav'd the Sceptre of Command.

Sour Silence followed: but upon the right
A nobler View now cheer'd the weary Sight;
In sober Majesty approach'd the Throne,
That chosen Race whom Fame had mark'd her
own.

First

First mov'd the plaintive Muse in loose Array,
 And crown'd with Lillies, led the pensive *Grays*;
 On his lov'd Steps she evermore attends,
 Molds his soft lay and Heav'n's rich Music
 blends,

Since erst the Swain by Harmony's strong Pow'rs
 Won the pale Virgin from her cypress Bow'rs,
 In tender Strain she urg'd her dear Request,
 The plaintive Strain sunk deep in every Breast:
 "Father of melting Sound! whose magic Reeds
 Charm'd the mute Flocks, and cheer'd the list-
 ning Meads;

If liveliest Nature join'd with softest Art,
 To warm the Soul, or humanize the Heart,
 If happiest Themes in sweetest Numbers drest,
 By me inspir'd, and by the Graces blest,
 If moral Truths, with elegance convey'd
 To curb loose Pride, and Charm while they per-
 suade;

If varied Notes, whose thrilling Airs excel
 The song of Pindar and the Lesbian Shell;
 If these, and what but these can justly claim
 Thy grace? here, here bestow the crown of fame."

She ceas'd: but Sophocles soon interpos'd,
 His silver Locks th' Athenian Chief disclos'd,
 Tho' old, his Cheek retain'd a fiery glow,
 And living Lightnings darted from his Brow;
 Apollo strait with eager Joy confess'd
 The Sage, and sweetly Smiling thus address'd:
 "Son of my Strength! thro' what a wasteful
 gloom

Hast thou surviv'd in Youth's primeval bloom!

What

What various Climes unite to swell thy Fame,
Where dawns gray Morn, or slopes my Evening
Beam?

Thou, didst the first with nervous Art instill,
How vain a Task t' oppose the Almighty will;
Thou, didst the first to glorious Ends express,
Infernal Incest in her native Dress;
That guilt, could ne'er escape the scourge of
Fate,

For Heaven's Revenge is ever sure tho' late.

Thou, didst the first with strong Example win
The Youth, just wavering on the brink of Sin;
Taught him on Virtue's solid base to rise,
And set Orestes' fall before his Eyes.

Thou, didst the first to wond'ring Worlds dis-
close,

What dire Effects, from Pride's stern Empire rose;
Thy frantick Chief, self-slaughter'd on the Bier,
Tho' savage, still commands our generous Tear.
But say, my Son! what Errand could persuade
Thy Steps, from soft Elysium's balmy Shade?

Com'st thou on Earth, t' inspect our high de-
cree?

If so, ascend and judge the Prize with me."

"Thy Words, O King! (reply'd th' elated
Seer)

Glow thr' each Nerve, and fire my ravish'd Ear;
O glorious Meed! of all my arduous Toils;
The Rage of Foes, and Time's devouring Spoils;
A meed, above my weak pretence to Fame,
As Heav'n o'er Earth, a meed no Bard durst
claim;

Tho

'Tho' Orpheus' lyre compos'd the Fiends to Rest,
 And lap'd their Souls in Rapture's downy Breast;
 Tho' lavish Clio pour'd her wondrous Store
 On the bold Chian, 'till she could no more;
 Yet these (and, who, like these), with trembling
 Awe,

Approach'd thy Shrine, and thence receiv'd their
 Law,

No, Sire of Verse! I pour the suppliant Vow,
 That yon fair Crown may wreath thy *Mason's*
 Brow.

In him, each grace the buskin'd Muse unites,
 The finest feelings, and the noblest flights;
 The quick Conception, easy, just and strong,
 Robed in the manly Garb of Attic Song;
 The Pow'rs of Energy, and magic Art.

Whene'er he list, to warm, or chill the Heart;
 What ruthless Sire, but must in him survey
 The fatal Error of tyrannick Sway?

What stinty Bosom can refuse to swell,
 When poor Elfrida bids the World farewell?
 Fir'd with just Wrath, behold the Patriot glow;
 And with brave Scorn defy th' insulting Foe;
 Tho' crush'd with Chains, unconquer'd still he
 Shines,

And breathes for ever in his living Lines;
 Nor scorn'd the matchless Youth my Paths to
 tread,

His polish'd Scene the moral Chorus led,
 While fair Religion, Heav'n-descended Guest,
 And white-rob'd Truth, the lofty Song impress:
 But Words are vain; in him thou'lt strongly see
 Each Grace, thy partial Bounty heap'd on me."

Soon

Soon as he ceas'd, a Warrior stept before,
 His manly Thigh a two-edg'd Paulcion bore,
 His better Hand a glittering Javelin own'd,
 And on his Helm stern Indignation frown'd:
 " God of strong Numbers! Juvenal disclaims
 All Praise resulting from fictitious Themes;
 I ne'er pursued where smiling Fancy led,
 My Youth and Age to rougher Tasks were bred;
 To crush rank Pride, unravel th' odious sleight
 Of puzzling Fraud, and drag the Knave to light;
 To chain gross Lewdness to her loathsome Den;
 To chase Corruption from the walks of Men;
 Amid his Guards to break the Tyrant's rest,
 And seare to madness faithless friendship's Breast;
 To prop, to cherish, Virtue's few, poor Bands,
 And grapple Vice with all her hundred Hands;
 For these hard Ends I left the Paths of Ease,
 And sought to mend, regardless of all Praise.
 Now, King of Verse! for all this Service done,
 I claim but Justice for my darling Son;
 For him, in whom alone exist combin'd,
 Frail Dryden's Strength, with Plato's better
 mind;
 Whom, not the Wealth of either India's Shores,
 Could bribe to flatter titled Knaves or Whores,
 (Nor wou'd he yet with servile Art descend
 If Truth oppos'd to call a King his Friend.)
 Who still preserv'd, in Fortune's worst extreme
 The Poet's Rank, and sacred held his Theme;
 Who bravely stood in Virtue's prostrate Right,
 And launch'd my Spear at Vice's tow'ring height!
 No Warbler he, in trivial Notes to sing
 Phryne's daub'd Check to every Fiddle string:

No Ribbald he, with vile abuse to drown;
 A harmless Race, and scandalize a Gown;
 His generous Aim fair Truth to reconcile,
 And root Corruption from the tainted Isle;
 Whilst Envy owns thro' ev'ry arduous Stage,
 His Life, a brighter Lesson than his Page;
 Who then but him deserves the Crown of Fame?
 Stand forth, my *Johnson!* and assert thy Claim."

But now, a figure fill'd the solemn Scene,
 Of more elated Port and God-like Mien;
 On his fair Front shone forth in pristine Bloom;
 The Fire of Greece, and Majesty of Rome.
 Ten thousand Cherubs spread their purple wings
 Above his Head, and struck the golden Strings;
 'Twas HE himself; ev'n HE, that first of Men,
 Who oped the Heav'n of Heav'ns to mortal Ken;
 On rapid Wing, undaunted and alone,
 Steer'd thro' the vast expanse of Worlds unknown,
 And sung superior Beings, mightier Wars,
 Beyond the Sun's wide Course and settled Stars;
 Light's glowing Sources, Earth's well-pois'd do-
 main,

Hell's gasty Gloom, old Chaos' tottering Reign,
 In his vast Theme the heav'nly Poet wrought,
 With so much Grace, and Dignity of Thought,
 Creation, wond'ring at the rival Plan,
 Exclaim'd, "*What bounds the Arrogance of Man!*
 Few were his Words: "If ought I judge of
 Song,

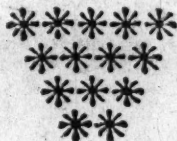
Fame's purest Wreath's to *Akenfide* belong."

The half-aw'd God, inclin'd his eager Ear,
 And gaz'd in Rapture at the matchless Seer.

Then

Then thus began; " Full well, you Sons of
Fame!
These glorious Advocates have urg'd your claim;
You've all excell'd the World in different Ways,
And each in his, deserves eternal Praise.
I fear to wound:—But, if I must decree,
That envied Crown in Justice falls to thee
To thee my best"————

When hark *Eugenio's* call;
" Abed? for Shame! What a'n't you for the
Hall?
This Morning *Wilkes* and *Blasphemy* come on;
Get on your Cloaths—Be quick—We'll have
some fun."
Amaz'd, I rub'd my Eyes, got up and Drest;
And found that Poetry's a Dream at best.



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AN
E P I S T L E

From the Celebrated

ABBE DE RANCE.



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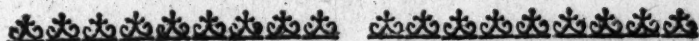
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A N

E P I S T L E

FROM THE CELEBRATED

ABBE DE RANCE to a Friend:

Written at the *Abbey* of LA TRAPPE.

Paraphrased from MONSIEUR BARTHE.

A R G U M E N T.

THE conversion of the celebrated ABBE DE RANCE, is attributed to the death of the Dutcheſs of M*** whom he tenderly loved. He had been abſent from her for ſome time and was quite ignorant of her death; having got into the houſe under cover of the night, he went into her apartment by a back ſtair caſe. The firſt object that appeared to his view was a coffin, which contained the body of his miſtreſs: ſhe had died after three days violent illneſs. As ſhe was to be interred in the family vault, a leaden coffin, was prepared; but it was too ſhort, and with unheard of brutality they had ſever'd the head from the body. Struck with ſo ſhocking an event, from that inſtant the ABBE DE RANCE, renounced all commerce with the world. He retired to the monaſtry of LA TRAPPE, where he became a moſt rigid penitent. It is from
thence

thence he writes to a friend who had been long upon his travels, and is ignorant of this tragical adventure. Some works having lately appeared relating to the monastery of LA TRAPPE, the Author thought this a favourable occasion to produce his own, written long since.

Warm from the heart and true to all its fires.

I KNOW too well thy heart will overflow,
 To think thy Friend is doom'd to ling'ring
 Woe,
 To think the vigour of his Age is lost,
 And all the Hopes his early Days could boast.
 Yet, cease to grieve—Whate'er seems good or
 great,
 In Courts, I find in this sequester'd Seat.
 Beneath an awful Oak I sit resign'd,
 I bless the Rains and welcome in the Wind;
 With my lone State those Defarts best agree,
 And Nature's rudest Form most pleases me;
 Here frequent Pray'rs my Doubts and Fears dispel,
 I spurn the Earth and triumph over Hell;
 And here at dawn my Orisons begin
 For LAURA——if so pure a Form could Sin.

O Name for ever lov'd, for ever blest!
 For ever treasur'd in this faithful Breast!
 Tho' long, long since the flame of Youth is fled,
 And Heav'n now warns me to my neighb'ring
 dead;
 Thy dear remembrance rouses mad Desire,
 And for a moment all my Soul's on fire.

My

My dearest Friend, to thee her charms were
 known,
 Ere yet she knew to call these Charms her own;
 The polish'd Form, the dignity of Mien,
 So oft affected, yet so rarely seen;
 The easy Wit, the animating Grace,
 And guiltless Smile that revel'd on her Face:
 Yet, at those Years when Pleasure gives the Rein,
 And Love and Riot dance in every Vein,
 Her speaking Eye each rude Attempt suppress,
 Nor Heav'n itself was chaster than her Breast.
 I saw, I lov'd, and oft in Sighs convey'd
 My Fears and Wishes to the blushing Maid;
 Each dawning Blush my raging Passion fed,
 And more and more to sweet Destruction led;
 'Till bolder grown the happiest Hour I stole,
 And spoke the Secret of my panting Soul.
 Tho' low my State, no Stern disdain deprest
 My Suit, (she saw my Heart and judg'd the rest)
 But glances, such as pitying Angels give
 To dying Sinners, bad me hope and live.

Her Parents saw; and, rigidly severe,
 Convey'd from *Paris* all my Soul held dear;
 Rack'd for a Moon I lived a Plague to Earth,
 And curs'd th' ill-boding Star that rul'd my Birth.
 When, lost in Grief, no Language can express,
 A tender Lire disclos'd her lone recess;
 I look'd and read, again I look'd and read,
 And swift as Lightning to th' Appointment sped.
 'Twas Night, dead Night, I scal'd the silent Wall,
 I gain'd her Chamber; Love conducted all.

I thought

I thought to press my lovely *Laura's* Charms,
 And melt transported in her glowing Arms:
 When (hold my Heart) a lonely Coffin stood;
 The Floor, the Marble stain'd with recent Blood;
 A feeble Taper stream'd a twinkling Light,
 And barely serv'd to prove the hideous Sight;
 I rais'd a Veil; the Taper just betray'd
 A headless Corse; yet still I knew the Maid;
 Her polish'd Form th' unrival'd Fair exprest,
 And well, too well, I knew her snowy Breast.
 A marble Vase stood near, I turn'd around,
 I rais'd another Veil—her Head I found;
 O killing Sight! those once-commanding Eyes,
 Those Lips once ting'd with Nature's richest Dyes,
 That Cheek, that boasted Spring's delightful
 bloom,
 That Breath, more sweet than Summer's rich
 perfume;
 That general Grace, that struck the wondering
 Sight,
 All, all oppress'd by long and joyless Night,

I scarce believ'd my Sense, I gaz'd around,
 While Horror fix'd me torpid to the Ground;
 I grasp'd my Sword, resolv'd to end my Woe,
 But gracious Heav'n restrain'd th' impious Blow;
 Then from the Scene, with tottering Steps I fled,
 And gain'd my Dwelling less alive than dead.

If there exists some far sequester'd Sphere,
 (I madiy spoke) some Dæmon whirl me there;
 Where ne'er the Bell of pale Religion rung,
 No Gift was offer'd, and no Anthem sung;

No friendly Talk to cheat the heavy Hours,
 Nor hope to spread her gay delusive Pow'rs;
 O bear me quickly to the welcome Den,
 Alike forlorn by Providence and Men.

God of my Life! on that disastrous Day
 I felt, I own thy animating Ray,
 Thy Hand paternal gave my Pangs to rest,
 And kindled nobler Visions in my Breast;
 I saw myself corrupted all within,
 And gaz'd with Horror on my daring Sin;
 I paus'd on Death, on Hell's tremendous gloom,
 And vast Eternity's unbounded Womb;
 I saw the truly Good were only blest,
 And all this World gross Vanity at best;
 I saw Injustice every Law controul,
 And Lust and Rapine 'snare th' unwary Soul;
 I saw each Passion tend to certain Woe,
 And (worse) that human Pride disdain'd to
 know,
 Scared at the View, I fled those scenes of Death,
 And gave my Soul to him who gave me Breath.

Resolv'd, resign'd, this wild Recess I sought,
 With Scenes for holy Contemplation fraught;
 The rude rough Rocks, remind me to obey,
 The tottering Oaks forwarn me of decay;
 And I, who first by fierce Ambition fir'd,
 Blind Youth impell'd, and Vanity inspir'd,
 The sober Charms of Solitude despis'd,
 Nor aught but Sin, and fulsome Pleasure priz'd,
 The lewd Appointment, and the midnight Ball,
 At length find Rest, and find within this Wall.

Here

Here flock the Train, to whom indulgent
Heav'n,

The precious gift of Penitence has given;
Those who, with Vows, in early Youth betray'd
To Sin or Death, the fond believing Maid,
Allur'd th' easy Matron's nuptial Flame,
Then spread the Tale, and triumph'd in her
Shame;

Opprest the Weak, carous'd in Orphan's Tears,
And doom'd to friendless Want their helpless
Years;

Sapp'd private Peace, engender'd public Strife,
And arm'd the Hand against a Brother's Life;
Bore down each Virtue, marr'd each social End,
And e'en the Wretch who wrong'd a trusting
Friend,

When cloyster'd here, feel Heav'n's inspiring
Breath,

Nor fear to triumph o'er eternal Death.

For this we strive: long, long, ere morn ap-
pears,

We rise, we pray, we bathe the Ground with
Tears,

Then haste to Labour, drain the putrid Fen,
Or break th' ungrateful Grounds of other Men;
Th' unheeded Roots we gather, yield us Bread,
Th' Spring our beverage, and the Earth our
Bed:

When midnight Hour to new Devotion calls,
We rise with Awe, and bless those reverend Walls,
Where Saints and Martyrs kiss'd the chastening rod
Despis'd the World, and rested on their God,

No

No gilded Roofs, no silver Lamps appear
 But one pure Torch, yet God himself is here.
 Let Pride unlock Ambitions sanguine Springs,
 And wasted Nations curse despotic Kings;
 No stern Alarms this lone Retreat infest,
 We live in Peace, and peaceful sink to Rest.

In Peace!—Who lov'd like me, and lov'd in
 Vain.

Must ne'er enjoy that Virgin's golden Reign;
 O no—the flies Corruption's tainted Den,
 And sheds her blessed Balm on guiltless Men.—
 When spent with Toil, our midnight Pray'r I
 close,

And for an Hour indulge in frail Repose,
 Insidious Dreams my former Years renew,
 And all the *Louvre* rushes to my View;
 My *Laura* comes, she leads the regal ball.
 Ador'd by Thousands, and admir'd by all;
 A hundred sighing Nobles bend the Knee;
 In vain they bend, her Eyes are fixt on me,
 I grasp her Hand, we fly to myrtle Groves,
 She smiles, she yields, she answers all my Loves;
 I throw my eager Arms—she's gone, she's fled,
 And lo! once more the Coffin strikes me dead.

I start, I shriek, I call on Heav'n to bless,
 And plunge within our Forest's last recess;
 My aged Head receives the dripping Sleet;
 The savage Briar wounds my naked Feet.
 Unusual Horror chills the sacred Grove,
 The Springs, the Earth, the Forest seems to
 move;

My

My Spirits faint, my haggard Eye-balls swim,
And cold Convulsions rack each tottering Limb,
When lo ! she passes in a flaming Cloud,
A headless Form, and shews the bloody Shroud !

God of my Soul ! without thy strengthening
Grace,
How weak, how poor, how blind is human Race !
To sound thy Praise ten Thousand Worlds agree,
And Nature lifts the grateful Song to Thee.

To Thee with Awe, the brute Creation bends
When Thunder bursts or sickly Rain descends,
Obedient to thy Will, the Rocks and Trees,
Now rest in Snow, now blest the vernal Breeze :
Yet Man, presuming on his glimmering Sense,
Rash Man alone disclaims thy Providence ;
The Truth, he dare not controvert denies,
And 'gainst Conviction shuts his Ears and Eyes.

O fatal Error ; Heav'n alone bestows,
Joy free from Pain, and undisturb'd Repose ;
In thy vain World our best Enjoyment's gross,
Allay'd and stain'd by Sin's offensive Dross :
Howe'er disguis'd, rank Passion rules us still,
And each, in Fact, indulges but his Will ;
That Will, as changeful as an Infant's Mind,
Shifts there, now here, and veers with every
Wind,

One wish indulged, another Phrenzy leads,
Another and another yet succeeds.
'Till injur'd Reason abdicates her Post,
And in the Monster all the Man is lost.

Not

Not to my Friend, we pass the silent Hours
 In those secluded Woods and mossy Tow'rs.
 Here pure Religion tolls our only Bell,
 Here true Devotion warms each humble Cell:
 Here Contemplation clears the clouded Eye,
 Expands the Soul and lifts it to the Sky.
 Propitious Angels bless our frequent calls,
 And Saints who rest retired within those Walls:
 These, these alone our tottering Steps attend,
 Confirm our Faith and Hell's dark Wiles forefend:
 On that curst Night how black th' infernal Scene,
 When Fiends usurp'd my *Laura's* heavenly mien:
 They broke the Clouds, they bade the Storm
 retire,

And all my Bosom own'd celestial Fire,
 Ill-fated *Laura*, had I never known
 The matchless Form, I then had sinn'd alone;
 A length of Years, severest Penitence,
 And hourly Pray'rs might expiate my Offence.

But you alas! you saw the early Tomb,
 Unvers'd in Heav'n, in Youth's intemperate
 Bloom:

When flattering Tongues impart destructive Fires
 And melt the yielding Soul to loose Desires;
 These warp the Soul from Virtue's awful Shrine,
 And well I know that heavy Guilt was mine.
 On that curs'd Pride which obstinately blind
 Seduces Man and Rules the softer Kind,
 Inflam'd by Love, with guileful Art I wrought,
 And shut thy Mind against each sober Thought;
 O dire Reflection! Flattery suppress
 The holy Flame that should have fir'd thy
 Breast; Religion

Religion else had lent her heav'nly Grace
 And stamp't thy Mind as beauteous as thy Face ;
 Indulgent Saints thy lovely Eyes had clos'd,
 In Bliss, and all thy Soul with God repos'd
 " Thou Traitor, falsest of thy perjur'd Race !
 " (She sternly cries) hast stolen my Soul from
 Grace :

" For thee I'm doom'd to bear an Age of Pain,
 " To call on Heav'n, and yet to call in Vain ;
 " Confin'd in Night, I feel the scorching Flame,
 " Or bitter Frosts congeal my tender Frame ;
 " Or yok'd with Dæmons, cleave the murky Air,
 " To banish Rest, and scatter wild Despair :
 " And dost thou, Monster, dost *thou* hope to win
 " Eternal Bliss, and leave *me* drown'd in Sin ?
 " Forbid it Truth, my Ghost shall meet thy
 Eyes,
 " And Heav'n, just Heav'n will listen to my
 Cries."

Ye hoary Woods, and desolated Cells,
 Ye barren Rocks, where savage Horror dwells,
 I'll brave your Rage, if Mercy can be wrought,
 And ten-fold Penitence erase her Fault.
 Let Spring produce, nor Herbage, Fruit, nor
 Flow'r,

Let haggard Winter all the Year devour
 Where I shall roam ; let Rains and Tempest blow,
 And Owls and Ravens send the scream of Woe :
 Let Thunder burst, let mountain Torrents roar,
 And Wolves surround me on some desert Shore ;
 Let Curses, Plagues, Distempers on me fall,—
 Forgive but *Laura*, and I'll bear them all.

Mean

Mean while, dear Friend, my simple Shroud I
 spread,
 And now prepare my last, and welcome Bed :
 Yon funeral Torch, and slowly moving Bier,
 Remind my Soul that Death is ever near ;
 But Death to us no palled Terror brings,
 We court his Scythe, and brave his feeble Stings ;
 Rejoice to see a Brother gain the Skies,
 The *Man* we pitied, but the *Saint* we prize.

Here, here my Friend, my plain rough Coffin
 stands,
 Prepar'd and wrought by these laborious Hands ;
 It calms my Spirit, drives vain Thoughts away,
 And reconciles me to my kindred Clay ;
 I sleep in hope, I spurn my Follies past,
 And fondly with each Sleep may prove my last ;
 Resign'd Devotion o'er my Cavern reigns,
 And Peace——except poor *Laura* intervenes.

But you, my Friend, whom mortal Passion
 warms,
 To whom fair *Italy* expands her Charms,
 Who rove enamour'd thro' the fragrant Woods,
 Or hang in Raptures o'er the limpid Floods ;
 Where soft *Tibullus* kindled loose Desire,
 And lofty *Maro* strung the Epic Lyre ;
 Immerst in vain Delights, perchance may deem
 Those Lines a frantic Bigot's sickly Dream :—
 Alas ! thou'rt Wrong : correct thy fond mistake,
 And, e're too late ; my sober Counsel take ;
 Dismiss thy Follies, set thy Spirit free
 From Sin and Death, and taste pure Joys with me :
 With

With thee in Youth the paths of Vice I trod,
 Indulg'd each Appetite, nor thought of God ;
 For me its Charms that flattering Region spread,
 And Pleasure courted to her luscious Bed ;
 Where Nature, rob'd in constant Beauty shines,
 And still on Nature polish'd Art refines :
 Where clustering Vines adorn the fruitful Hills,
 Ten thousand Flowrets deck the chrystal Rills ;
 Sweet Groves of myrtle shade the blooming Vale,
 And loved Rapture swells each balmy Gale ;
 Where Beauty spreads her Heart-seducing Smiles,
 And all the magic of *Circean* Wiles ;
 The practis'd Glance, and modulated Lay,
 That melts the Soul, and charms the Sense away,
 Where Arts on Arts enormous Vice disguise,
 And shew her pleasing e'en to sober Eyes ;
 Till late Remorse in squalid Weeds appears,
 His lean, wan Visage, drown'd in useless Tears ;
 Reflection wakes, distracted Conscience wounds,
 And grim Despair the prostrate Wretch confounds.

Alas ! my Friend, how happier our Repose,
 We feel the Comforts, Peace with Hope bestows,
 Surrounding Saints our humble Cells defend
 And holy Visions on our Sleep descend
 Repeated Prayers, Sin by Sin deface,
 And ev'ry Hour we gain a Step to Grace ;
 Our only Emulation to excell
 In Works of Faith—But hold—I hear our Bell—
 Some Friend I ween, who flies this mortal Strife,
 And bends his Course to everlasting Life.

O matchless

O matchless Pow'r of unaffected Grace,
 E'en now a Saint has clos'd his tedious Race;
 Celestial Raptures sparkled in his Eyes,
 And smiling Angels bore him to the Skies;
 My Brother once, together oft we pray'd,
 And oft consoled in the holy Shade,
 Resembling Fortune bade our Souls agree
 In stricter Bonds, for he had lov'd like me;
 Like me in vain; like me in Youth retir'd:
 All-pitying Heaven, had *Laura* thus expir'd!

And what avails this Tenement of Clay,
 Death hourly saps the Base, and melts away;
 All Nature yields to his despotic Will,
 And all the Elements conspire to kill:
 E'en whilst I write, a Hecatomb expires,
 All young, all Vain, all forming new Desires,
 And now the Sun emits a feeble Ray
 On yonder Grove, and shuns the parting Day,
 The World around an awful Silence keeps,
 And, as if dead, the whole Creation Sleeps.

I pant for Heaven—avaunt my former Fears!
 When Worlds are wreckt, and Spheres encounter
 Spheres,
 When Death resigns her Empire o'er the Ball,
 All Nature sinks, and Time itself must fall;
 And soon, full soon, that awful Day may come,
 I'll burst my Shroud, and fly to *Laura's* Tomb;
 Then shall that Face, which basely rent away,
 Alas! now lies with undistinguish'd Clay,
 Join'd to her Form in primal Beauty rise,
 We'll soar to Bliss, we'll seek the opening Skies,
 There

There strong in Hope our mutual Passions own,
And plead our Loves at God's indulgent Throne.

And if, my Friend, *you* sought this blest Retreat,
And scorn'd the World, my Transports were
complete ;

O hear the Call, reject the Vale of Sin,
Collect thy Soul, the glorious Work begin,
I'll guide thy Steps, immortal Truths impart,
And next to *Laura* place thee in my Heart.

F I N I S.



